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MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT is pleasant to find that Mr. BRIGHT has had an opportunity of consoling himself for an unwonted and temporary exercise of the virtue of self-denial. A fortnight ago, there was a meeting at Birmingham to celebrate the opening of a public building; and, as the shareholders who find the money for Market Halls and Exchanges are not generally democrats, it became necessary even for Mr. BRIGHT to abstain for once from invective and denunciation. Being thus debarred from attacking his enemies, he took the opportunity of praising himself and his friends in a discourse on the peculiar merit and excellence of the class which makes money by trade. Cheerful complacency is sometimes only the converse or complement of contemptuous acrimony, but it is the brighter and more attractive side of the shield. For the first, and perhaps for the last time, Birmingham saw its member in good humour, and it now once more welcomes the habitual effusion of implacable wrath and ill-will. In the Town Hall, as Mr. BRIGHT said a fortnight ago, the audience is all of one mind, although Birmingham, like other large towns, contains many differences of opinion. It would probably be found that the richer and more educated part of the community approximates to unanimity in an opposite direction, but the numerical majority undoubtedly adheres to the fierce and eloquent champion of the sovereignty of numbers. With the certainty that a sympathetic multitude would echo every attack on every object of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, Mr. BRIGHT revelled with characteristic freedom in the enjoyment of insulting and menacing persons, classes, and institutions. To do him justice, he is not a hypocrite or a trimmer who desires to smuggle in revolution in disguise. He offers his proposals in the most repulsive form, and apparently he would think success itself unsatisfactory unless it were achieved by terror. His open and uncompromising avowal of the meaning and purpose of the Reform agitation was a principal cause of the failure of the measures which were afterwards introduced into Parliament by the rival parties. It is not improbable that his present violence of language may produce a similar effect. The House of Commons will scarcely be conciliated by the statement that its allegiance is divided between a feeble Government and a foolish Opposition. The House of Lords, which might have hoped that nothing new was left to be said to its discredit, will hear with perplexed surprise that it has become "a double peerage" "at one end of the social scale," apparently because an antithesis was wanted for the phrase of "a double "pauperism at the other." The speeches at a late Conservative meeting in Devonshire were courteously described as "foolish," and the Ministers were reminded that men are not necessarily great statesmen because they fill great offices. Some of Mr. BRIGHT's criticisms may have contained a portion of truth, but the force of expression which depends upon rudeness and disregard of personal feelings affords an easy and vulgar triumph. Incivility to opponents gratifies a sympathetic mob, though Mr. BRIGHT probably practises it chiefly to please himself.

One drop of bitterness was mingled in Mr. BRIGHT's cup by the necessary exclusion of the favourite topic of America. Mr. SCHOLEFIELD, who is as popular at Birmingham as his more celebrated colleague, cherishes independent opinions of his own; and, although he is at home a Radical Reformer, he fails to appreciate the results of universal suffrage in the United States. Venturing to disapprove of a protective tariff, even when it is adopted by a Republican Legislature, Mr. SCHOLEFIELD also thinks that the despatches of Mr. SEWARD, the discontinuance of the Lake Convention, and the menaces of the North, render it necessary for England to be prepared for a possible rupture. Against another adversary, Mr. BRIGHT would not have hesitated to defend either prohibitive

duties or the equipment of armed ships on the great lakes in preparation for an invasion of Canada; but, if he had replied to Mr. SCHOLEFIELD, the Town Hall would no longer have been of one mind, nor was it even certain that the majority would take the part of America against England. Mr. BRIGHT, therefore, kept silence from the only good words which he is in the habit of uttering, and contented himself with eulogies of non-intervention which tend to make the doctrine odious, and with defiant predictions of the near approach of universal suffrage. In one respect, his enforced reserve on the American question was, to a certain extent, convenient. The country which proclaims the MONROE doctrine is pledged to perpetual intervention on a Continent many times larger than Europe. The hacknied complaint that within 170 years hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money have been sacrificed in war, could scarcely have failed to suggest the thought of the Republic which, in addition to unprecedented carnage, has created in four years a debt of five hundred millions. Mr. BRIGHT's inconsistent enthusiasm for war in the only national cause with which he has ever sympathized is not wholly discreditable to his nature. Having hitherto persuaded himself that he was a friend of peace, because the wars which he denounced had been waged for the supposed interest or honour of England, he unexpectedly finds that he agrees with all mankind in the belief that a cause which is worth maintaining is, in the last resort, worth fighting for. He has no objection that blood should be poured out like water for the abolition of slavery and the extension of democratic power. The wars of WILLIAM III., of MARLBOROUGH, and of WELLINGTON, were unpardonable crimes, not, as Mr. BRIGHT formerly thought, because they involved expense and bloodshed, but because they had no higher object than to vindicate against LOUIS XIV. and NAPOLEON the independence of England and the liberties of Europe. A perverse interpretation of history and of political duty is not so profoundly immoral as the obsolete protest of the defunct Peace Society against the possible sacrifice of ease, of means, and of life, in a rightful quarrel.

In demanding and promising universal suffrage, Mr. BRIGHT properly despises the apologetic insincerity of ordinary Reformers. Though he consents, with patronising toleration, to support a Bill which will, according to his statement, only increase the constituency by half a million, he imagines with joyous confidence the entire male population of the kingdom thundering at the gates of the Constitution. "What," he says, "is this apparition that alarms them? They are afraid of five or six millions of grown-up Englishmen." No answer can be more undeniably true, though the irony of the question is misplaced. If the transfer of supreme power from those who have hitherto administered political functions to five or six millions of people is not alarming, it is difficult to conceive any proposal which could disturb the nerves of prudent men. Mr. BRIGHT summons the spectre for the express purpose of frightening the upper and middle classes into a despairing surrender. "It may happen that the eyes of the five or six millions may be fixed with an intense glare "on the doors of the Parliament." And undoubtedly a glaring or furious mob is a formidable object. The glare, however, of ten or twelve millions of eyes affords no security whatever for the qualification of their owners to govern the country. For the purpose of appealing to popular passion, it is natural that Mr. BRIGHT should contrast the limited franchise of English counties and boroughs with the indiscriminate suffrage which prevails in the colonies, and in many foreign countries. The true comparison, however, is not of different kinds of machinery, but of their respective products. "England," as Mr. BRIGHT incautiously admits, "has long been famous for the enjoyment of personal freedom by her people. They are free to think, they are free to speak,

"they are free to write, and England has been famed of late years and is famed now, the world over, for the freedom of her industry and the greatness and freedom of her commerce. I want to know why it is that our people should not be free?" Others, with better reason, may want to know why a people so entirely free should not be supposed already to enjoy freedom. Immediately before, Mr. BRIGHT had indignantly compared the English representative system with the wider extension of the suffrage in America and France. In his sense, the French people are free, though they are not free to speak or to write. The United States enjoy universal suffrage, and they are forced to exclude their representative Assembly from the control of political affairs, although they allow it to pass stringent laws for the restriction of all freedom of industry and commerce. The supremacy of the glaring millions could not increase their absolute freedom, while it would probably deprive those who really care to think, to write, and to speak, of their actual liberty. It would be a smaller evil that the representatives of the numerical majority, guided by Mr. BRIGHT's former counsels, should relieve themselves of all taxation by placing the public burdens exclusively on the shoulders of the disfranchised possessors of property.

As might be expected, Mr. BRIGHT rejects with scorn all contrivances for the representation of minorities. Projects of this kind are in general artificial and impracticable; but the objection of the true democrat is that, if they were successful, they would interfere with the capricious despotism of the multitude. Mr. BRIGHT places the right of numbers on the broadest possible base. He explains that representation is necessary because the five or six millions cannot conveniently meet to legislate on Salisbury Plain; but "if you did decide a question on Salisbury Plain, the majority must carry the day, and if you split the nation up into constituencies, the majority must carry the day." The unqualified sovereignty of labourers and artisans seems to Mr. BRIGHT desirable, and possibly he may consider it just; but it is strange that he should ask again and again why the present administrators and guardians of English liberty should be alarmed at the prospect of their own compulsory abdication and permanent subjection. Mr. BRIGHT's final challenge may be recommended to the careful consideration of Mr. GLADSTONE:—"Who is there that will meet me on this platform, or who will stand on any platform and will dare to say to an open meeting of his fellow-countrymen that this million for whom I am now pleading are too ignorant, or vicious, or destructive to be trusted with the elective franchise?" As Mr. BRIGHT had been pleading for the other five millions to whom the one million will only open the door, the issue is the same which was proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. Assuredly no one will meet Mr. BRIGHT, in that Town Hall which he declares to be always unanimous, to defend an unpopular opinion in dumb show, with a risk of summary ejection. It is also out of the question to explain to a promiscuous audience the evils of promiscuous suffrage; but the true answer to Mr. BRIGHT's challenge is, that resistance to democratic rule is justified, not by the positive defects of the non-electors, but by the superior fitness of the minority, and especially by their limited numbers. Mr. GLADSTONE's inapplicable test was suggested by the temporary confusion and uncertainty of his mind, and perhaps it will be tacitly withdrawn. Mr. BRIGHT is wholly exempt from ambiguity and doubt, and he has the merit of expounding the true doctrine of Reformers in language of unmistakeable clearness.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE ULTRAMONTANE BISHOPS.

THE Hind and the Panther may sometimes take lessons from one another, and English Churchmen will watch with interest the discontent with which the Circular of M. BAROCHÉ has been received by the most Ultramontane of the French clergy. Lord WESTBURY and M. BAROCHÉ have succeeded—each with more or less genuine satisfaction to himself—in drawing tears from Archbishops and from Bishops. This has been, so to speak, a wet season in high religious circles upon both sides of the Channel. The French Prelates do not deny that M. BAROCHÉ has the law upon his side, but they are indignant at seeing Catholicism subject to any human ordinances at all. Our English Episcopate, having suffered the natural consequence of going to law before unbelievers, is uneasy, when it is too late, at the decision of the lawyers; and the complaints here and there heard among ourselves are not unlike the formal remonstrance addressed to the French Government by the Archbishop of Tours. Both

complain that, thanks to the interference of the State, the Church is no longer free. Both appear to be in danger of forgetting that, when there is a Concordat between State and Church, neither party can expect to remain absolutely free. A contract implies mutual conditions and restrictions. In return for the purple and fine linen which the State bestows upon the Archbishop of Tours and the French Bishops in general, she purchases from them obedience within the limits of the Constitution. In a moment of pious exaltation the Archbishop seems almost disposed to fling all these and similar secular dignities to the winds. Imperial hands have torn the decent document which might otherwise have served as a complete index to the besetting sins of Emperors, revolutionists, and bookworms. "In our dishonoured churches," writes the good and sorrowing Archbishop, "the clergy have great revenues. The State concedes to them considerable privileges, civil rank, and earthly distinction. But they have ceased, in the eyes of the people, to be the Ministers of God, charged with the noble mission of saving souls; and they too often are made, in the hands of the secular power, the docile instruments of unjust passions and of national oppression." Translated from the verbiage of pious grief into lay and every-day language, this means that the State ought not in conscience to prevent the French clergy from attacking the principles on which the State has built her own Constitution. Following the example of his leader, and in company with a band of suffering brothers, the Bishop of CARCASSONNE calls the silence imposed in this respect upon the Church, by the Executive, a "sad and melancholy" silence. After such protestations, the only wonder is that the excellent Prelates can still consent to retain those civil honours and emoluments which they so heartily despise, and which they buy at so terrible a price. They seem, however, more disposed to deplore the commandments of CÆSAR than to disobey them. The Bishop of MOULINS is an exception. He boldly sets M. BAROCHÉ and the law at naught. His temerity is perhaps the more intelligible when we consider that the Bishop of MOULINS once before has defied the Minister, once before has been the subject of the deliberations of the Council of State, and has learnt by experience that nothing comes of it but a windy reprimand. This does not detract from the piety of his attitude. Even a Christian martyr might be pardoned for walking to the lions with increased cheerfulness after learning upon the way that the lions roared but did not bite.

At the first publication of the POPE's Syllabus of Errors, M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN, a French writer who is usually logical if he is invariably extreme, pointed out that the complications which were on the eve of arising were the natural and necessary result of a matrimonial alliance between the Church and State. The Church rightly conceives itself bound, in the sight of God, to denounce all the errors even of a friendly Government; on the other hand, no human Government can submit with patience to see its authority overridden or derided by ecclesiastical decree. A free Church in a free State is an ambiguous formula. It may be accepted both by Churchmen and by politicians. But there is a sense in which it becomes displeasing to Ultramontanists, just as there is another sense in which it becomes intolerable to statesmen. It is the programme of M. LACORDAIRE and of M. MONTALEMBERT when, in their younger days, they inveigh against the iron severity of the law. It is virtually the theory propounded by LAMENNAIS when he would correct the mundane ambition of the Vatican. It is no less the Liberal motto of CAVOUR, at a time when he is braving all the thunders of the Papacy. The several schools might all safely concur in the expression, but all will have to put their own interpretation on it. The Archbishop of TOURS believes that the Church has yet to be emancipated. Till this is done, she cannot be at peace, nor can the conception of a free Church be realized at all. The logical inference to be drawn from such wild discontent is, no doubt, that his friends and he find the union between Church and State a problematical and doubtful benefit, and that it has already become for them a question whether it is worth the sacrifices it entails. This is the inference actually deduced from their conduct by the Imperialist journal *La France*. "The logical consequence of the letters of the Bishops is the separation of Church and State." Yet, if so, ill-humour has made the Ultramontane party in France say more than they sincerely mean, for nothing can be clearer than that they have no serious wish for so fatal a divorce. The principal organ of their party repudiates with comical energy this insidious gloss, and carefully explains that Catholicism in France has no desire to descend to the level of a voluntary religious body. The language of the leaders of the school proves that they have looked carefully at the precipice

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towards which they are being seduced in argument, and that the more they look at it the more distasteful they think it. The proceedings of *Le Monde* and its party remind us accordingly, for all the world, of the prudent desperation of LUCINDE :—

LISETTE. Votre fille, toute saisie des paroles que vous lui avez dites, et de la colère effroyable où elle vous a vu contre elle, est montée vite dans sa chambre, et, pleine de désespoir, a ouvert la fenêtre qui regarde sur la rivière.

SGANARELLE. Eh bien ?

LISETTE. Alors, levant les yeux au ciel : Non, a-t-elle dit, il m'est impossible de vivre avec le courroux de mon père ; et puisqu'il me renonce pour sa fille, je veux mourir.

SGANARELLE. Elle s'est jetée ?

LISETTE. Non, monsieur. Elle a fermé tout doucement la fenêtre, et s'est allée mettre sur son lit, où elle s'est prise à pleurer amèrement.

The Ultramontane party in France are as far from seeking to take any irreparable step towards self-destruction as the daughter of M. SGANARELLE. The freedom for which they ask is not freedom from their connexion with the State, but a freedom of a different kind. In their own words, they wish not for "democratic liberty," or the liberty of self-government, but for "Catholic liberty," or the liberty of unbounded political action. But this theory of a Church is one which the condition of modern society, and the diversity of modern religious opinions, render impracticable in any country constituted like France at the present day. It is equivalent to a demand that the Empire shall take the Church for its confessor, and be ready to listen to the Church's voice at all times upon its knees. If truth were revealed to mortal vision with the clearness of the noonday sun, if episcopal opinions were always as self-evident as the axioms of mathematics, and if none but lunatics dissented or disbelieved, the French Church might hold so imperious and illustrious a position. Till, however, PLATO's ideal Republic is established on the banks of the Seine, the Church of Rome must forego this Catholic liberty of action. Under any such system the free Church would enjoy so much freedom as to leave but little freedom for the free State. SPINOZA, indeed, asserts that the highest liberty is obedience to heaven. In a philosophical sense, free will and obedience to Divine revelation may be synonymous ; but the ill-regulated wills of a turbulent French democracy are not likely to be contented with the pious exercise of submitting manfully to the fitful decrees of the Vatican. The Church in France, as elsewhere, must be content with a working majority ; and that majority might easily be imperilled by a serious breach between herself and the Empire. It is neither for the interests of the French Empire that such a breach should occur, nor for the interests of Catholicism or religion. M. BAROCHE and the POPE may growl at one another, but there is little chance of a quarrel to the death. The Papacy cannot afford to lose its hold on the first Continental Power in Europe, nor even to resign the advantages it derives from French enterprises all over the world. Upon the French eagles depends in no small degree the success of Catholic missions throughout the globe ; and the Second Empire has a just right to boast that it is not only on the Tiber that French arms are a stay and support of the Catholic cause. These are material advantages, and the cunning of the serpent has not so entirely died out of the Vatican that we should suppose the Papacy to be insensible to them.

Nor is NAPOLEON III. likely to push the reactionary Ultramontanists to the logical consequences of their own obstinacy. The Empire gains prestige, in Europe and in France, from the ostentatious piety which helps to render it tolerable to Rome. MARSEAU and TE DEUMS confer useful splendour on a military despotism, and NAPOLEON III. is not the man to despise the intrinsic political value of forms and conventionalities. Even if Catholicism were not—what it is—a formidable power in the French provinces, the EMPEROR would still appreciate the glitter and brilliancy of a State religion ; and, at a certain time of life, the most sardonic and sceptical statesman keenly understands the personal comfort of being considered respectable by the religious world. Mr. DISRAELI desires to lead the House of Commons, but he would doubtless consider it a feather in his cap to be also churchwarden of his parish. The great churchwarden epoch is an epoch common in the lives of many men ; and, placed on a loftier pedestal than ordinary, the Emperor of the FRENCH is nevertheless liable to the passions of his kind. It may not be possible for him to pass by in silence the glove which is so defiantly flung down to him by the Bishop of MOULINS ; but the French Episcopate may rest assured that neither they nor the EMPEROR earnestly desire anything but mutual toleration. Sooner than rush into disastrous conflict, both would, at the bottom of their hearts, gladly accept the present situation, with all its illogicality and all its drawbacks. The alliance of Church and State in the French

Constitution, says M. DE LA GUERRONNIÈRE, involves mutual concessions and mutual good humour ; and a State Church will sometimes, if she be well advised, accept the Greek proverb, and let CAMARINA alone.

OPENING OF THE PRUSSIAN CHAMBERS.

THE King of PRUSSIA has opened the Session of his Parliament in a Speech which is not absolutely discourteous in form. On condition of the acquiescence of the House of Deputies in his military system of organization, the KING declares, perhaps with sincerity, that he seriously wishes to govern in accordance with the Constitution. Prosperity and self-complacency often exercise a pacific influence, and it has seemed possible that the controversy between the Crown and the Deputies might be compromised while the recollection of the Danish war is still fresh and interesting. To foreigners it appears strange that a nation which possesses a proud military history should triumph so long and so loudly over the success of an enterprise in which failure was impossible ; but there can be no doubt that the Prussians have been deeply gratified by the proof that their army is well equipped, well disciplined, and well disposed. Every other Great Power has engaged in serious war during the present generation, while Prussia had only quelled some insignificant disturbances in a neighbouring German province. The first flight of a young brood from the nest is probably a more exciting adventure than the long migratory journey of the following autumn. The inference that the Royal system of recruitment is indispensable must have been anticipated by the Deputies, though they cannot be expected to admit that it is conclusive. The force of the argument depends not so much on its logical value as on the connivance of the Parliament at all the measures which have been adopted by the Government. The Opposition may either have concurred in the policy of the Minister, or have found that general feeling would disapprove of any protest which might seem to interfere with the conduct of the war ; but in either case, although the House, in its latest vote, rejected the financial proposals of the Government, it is understood that victory has secured full condonation of all past irregularities. The officers of the army have hitherto been the most unpopular part of the community ; but they received their share of the applause which was bestowed on their regiments when they entered Berlin on their return from the campaign. Probably MARSHAL WRANGEL or PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES would, for the moment, obtain the suffrages of the mob in preference to the ablest speakers of the Liberal party. The middle classes are more likely to persist in their objection to a mode of government which is practically absolute ; but there are few Prussians who would not consent to a temporary dictatorship if they were assured that the power of the Crown would be employed to extend the boundaries of the State. At present the kingdom is inferior in population to Italy, and only a little in advance of Spain. A few years of resolute diplomacy, backed by material force, might probably create a monarchy as great, as homogeneous, and as formidable as France.

The first step in the desired aggrandizement of the country would be the annexation of the provinces which have been wrested from Denmark. The decision of the Government on the question has perhaps not been formed, and its intentions are certainly not communicated to Parliament. It would be idle to seek for an indication of purpose in words which were intended to convey a studiously vague impression. The Deputies were probably not even anxious to gratify their own curiosity at the possible risk of embarrassing the negotiations of the Government. The formal announcement that the frontier of Germany had been advanced northwards furnished a pretext for the suggestion that it must also be defended, apparently by Prussian troops. The Federal contingents which would, according to the Germanic Constitution, form the natural reserve to the local forces of the Duchies were tacitly passed over or forgotten. As the Danes are by no means likely to attempt the forcible recovery of Schleswig, the frontier defences have no practical importance. The subject was perhaps mentioned partly to encourage the hope of territorial acquisition, but more especially to point the KING's favourite moral, that the army must be maintained in an efficient state, and that the House of Deputies ought consequently to grant the supplies which have been steadily refused for three or four years. The KING might ask with more confidence for a liberal grant to increase the strength of the navy. The limited extent of coast and the land-locked seas which have debarred Germany from the attainment of maritime greatness seem also to have stimulated, during late years, the national desire to possess a

fleet. It has always been assumed that the possession of the Bay of Kiel would facilitate the creation of the fleet of the future, and the King of Prussia is fully justified in consulting the wishes of his own subjects, and of Germany at large, by commencing without delay the increase of his navy.

It has generally been assumed, in accordance with English experience, that representative Assemblies have an ultimate power of asserting their own supremacy by giving or withholding the pecuniary demands of executive Governments. Continental Parliaments are still in a rudimentary stage of existence, and they have never succeeded in permanently acquiring sovereign authority. The denunciations of standing armies by English patriots in the eighteenth century were, perhaps, not as unfounded in substance as they were sometimes exaggerated in language. A King always endeavours to identify himself with his army, and the most visible and effectual instrument of power contrasts too advantageously with the less showy and substantive attributes of deliberative bodies. In time of war, even a really constitutional Government can generally overrule opposition, and the need of financial assistance is less urgent during peace. The embarrassments of the Austrian Exchequer seem likely to increase the importance of the Council of the Empire; but Prussia, on the other hand, is economical and rich; the taxes are granted in permanence, and the Crown domains furnish an independent source of income. The King is careful to remind the House of Deputies that it has not been necessary to incur a loan; and, although accumulated savings may have been spent in Schleswig, the public burdens have not been increased. It has often been said that the Stuart Kings might perhaps have got rid of Parliaments if they could have contrived to keep their expenditure within the limits of their hereditary revenue. The Prussian Government is not entirely independent of the aid of its subjects, but it has established the custom of dispensing provisionally with Parliamentary sanction. The King now asks the Deputies to approve the Budgets of 1862, 1863, and 1864, for the purpose of relieving the Ministers from a responsibility which seems to be only nominal. If Estimates and Votes of Supply can be postponed for three years without inconvenience, it would appear that the eventual assent of the House of Deputies is not absolutely necessary. The Liberal party must have surrendered all its hopes and pretensions if it submits to register the practical reversal of the votes of previous Sessions; and there can be no hurry to exempt the Ministers from the consequences, however remote, of their arbitrary proceedings.

However willingly the House of Deputies may have acquiesced in the foreign policy of the Government, its resolution to oppose the King's military schemes appears to be unshaken. The President of the House, on his reelection, took the opportunity to deliver a vigorous speech against the encroachments of the Crown and the Minister. Even the glory which is supposed to have been acquired by the army was ingeniously used as an argument against the necessity of a lengthened term of service. In short, the House intends to pass none of the numerous Budgets which are offered for its approval; and, on the other hand, the King is resolved to persevere in a measure which he considers indispensable to the welfare of the State. In a constitutional country there could be no doubt which of the disputants was in the right. Real or supposed public interest is no excuse for executive usurpation. Whether Prussia is, or will be, a constitutional country, is a question which must be in great measure decided by the result of the present controversy. It is not to be inferred that the Government will be permanently able to defy the Parliament; yet the success of past years must be encouraging to a daring Minister.

As Herr von Bismark is an able man, his mind may sometimes be crossed by a suspicion that the Assembly which he so unfeignedly despises might, under other circumstances, not be without its use. Absolute power moves easily on its hinges, but it sometimes wants a fulcrum. A constitutional Minister, with the representatives of the country at his back, wields a vast force in addition to the power of the Crown. Cavour alone, among modern Continental statesmen, has understood the political capabilities of a Parliament which learned at his bidding to be conservative at home and ambitious in external policy. The part which Prussia aspires to play in Germany resembles, in the midst of many obvious differences, the completion of Italian unity by Piedmont, and it would be highly convenient to provide a regular and legal channel for the expression of the wishes and sympathies of the nation. It is also not impossible that money may be wanted, and the tameness which surrenders other liberties to the Crown finds an exception, in almost every

country, when there is a question of borrowing or of taxation. By a happy accident, capitalists have imbibed a prejudice in favour of Parliamentary security, and without a vote by some kind of Chamber it is almost impossible to raise a loan. Neither the American House of Representatives nor the French Chamber of Deputies exercises any serious influence on the policy of the Government; but in France, as in the United States, a vote is the indispensable preliminary of every financial operation. The obscure member of the firm, who is ordinarily slighted and neglected by his partners, recovers a temporary importance when the bankers refuse to advance money without his signature to the bill. The Prussian Minister has often declared that his contempt and dislike applied exclusively to the particular Assembly which it is his amusement to insult. Of the English House of Commons he has always spoken in the language of respect, and almost of envy. It may be true that the House of Deputies is not composed of the natural leaders and representatives of the country; but a sagacious politician might use and improve the only machinery which he finds at his disposal, and a share of influence in State policy would be a tempting bribe to a Parliament which has hitherto wasted its energies in barren conflicts with the Crown. The practice of business is the best political training, and it offers a security against excess of faction. It is, however, doubtful whether any elected Assembly can fulfil its purpose unless the Ministers are selected from its principal members.

THE WORKING MAN.

EVERY generation has some kind of ideal. The mind requires a figure which it can colour with its own poetic fancies, and which it can imagine to be in possession of the happiness after which it aspires itself. The object selected is generally rather an odd one to connect either with poetic fancies or with Utopian aspirations; and, as a rule, it is found out and abandoned by its admirers after a very brief ascendancy, and succeeded by some other idol equally grotesque, and destined to a reign equally transitory. For a long time shepherds and shepherdesses were supreme, and every one who felt himself inconvenienced by suppressed poetry poured it out upon DAMON and PHYLIS. The power of self-delusion in those days must have been marvellous, or rural knowledge must have been rare among educated men; for it would have been impossible to discover any vocation less closely associated with the sweet smells, and beautiful sights, and refined ideas which the imagination of many generations connected with shepherds and shepherdesses. As mankind became more political, the noble savage, far from the restraints of artificial society, took their place. This mania was at least more pardonable, as, at the time when people raved about the simple children of nature, they might be excused for not knowing very much about them. But, when brought to the test of the senses, this ideal was even less presentable than its predecessor. Increasing facilities of communication brought home to men's minds the fact that the noble savage was a something that differed from a brute chiefly in smelling powerfully of shark's oil, or some equally aromatic lubricant; and the savage went to the limbo whither the shepherds and shepherdesses had preceded him. In our own day poetry is confined to comparatively few hands; and the gushing sentiment which used to find vent in fugitive verses now gushes out in lectures, and papers read before Sociological societies, and speeches made at philanthropic "demonstrations" of various kinds. The ideal of our modern sentimentalists is what they call the working man. It must be acknowledged that it is a good deal more respectable than the ideals which were dominant in more poetic times. The disenchantment, whenever it comes, will not be very severe. But, nevertheless, future historians will have as much difficulty in recognising him from the portrait which his admirers will have bequeathed of him, as we should have in recognising shepherds and savages in the sentimental characters in which it was the custom to present them in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The English working man of the nineteenth century, constructed from the platform literature of the period, would be a very remarkable character. He combines in himself qualities strangely incompatible. Spoken of in the abstract, there is no virtue which may not be attributed to him. He is the glory, strength, ornament, and distinguishing characteristic of this country. He is wise, good, intelligent, sagacious, remarkable for his energy and self-restraint, and always exhibiting instances of the most marvellous self-control under the most trying circumstances. He is the most striking illustration of the advantages of education, and also of what

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the native unadorned English character can become. But when the vocabulary of eulogy is exhausted, another side of his character comes into view. In spite of all the working man's virtues and all his sagacity, it is necessary for every person who furnishes that reasonable amusement for provincial audiences in the autumn known as an "address," to contribute something towards his improvement; and, to judge by the tenor and the importunity of the good advice he gets, one would say he must be living in the lowest depths of degradation. His self-restraint is transcendent; but, as Lord S. G. OSBORNE informs us, "drink" is the greatest curse which SATAN with all his ingenuity has "laid upon the working class." His intelligence and sagacity are the admiration of the whole world; yet we are incessantly told that the state of education among the working classes is so low as to be a stigma upon us among the nations of Europe. The labouring class is so elevated in sentiment and knowledge that, as Mr. BRIGHT has just informed us, each member of it ought to be admitted to equal political power with the most educated and the wealthiest men in the community; yet, as Mr. BRIGHT told us last year, the condition of the largest part of that class is so degraded as to cast a grave opprobrium upon the owners of the land. The self-restraint of the working classes is well known, yet the opinion entertained of them by their best friends is such, that those friends have all gone into ecstasies of self-congratulation because the working classes in Lancashire, having been thrown out of work by causes over which their masters had no control, have not expressed their sense of the situation by burning down their masters' mills. Though the working man is notoriously the embodiment of all the cardinal virtues, Lord SHAFTESBURY, perfectly master of the subject-matter of his observations, was compelled at the North London Exhibition the other day to content himself with this modest felicitation:—"He rejoiced to see the time approaching when 'the workman, having thrown aside his evil habits, would go 'home to his innocent and ennobling recreation' (cutting toy Swiss cottages out of wood), 'with a happy wife and children to meet him.'" Considering that we know, from a hundred eloquent witnesses, how perfect a character is that of the British workman, it must be looked upon as a curious moral phenomenon that the day when he shall throw aside his evil habits, and go home from his work to his wife and children, is considered by a good authority to be only approaching.

There is one good quality, however, with which none of his panegyrists ever appear to credit him, and that is ordinary self-respect. The character in which his superiors in point of fortune seem to regard him—if their thoughts are to be judged, not by their words, but by their acts—is that of a standing moral patient, made for the trial of experimental remedies. A doctor, before he is thought fit to practise, walks the hospitals. A philanthropist, before he is held to be master of his craft, walks the working classes. There is no one who chances to wear a broad-cloth coat but thinks himself quite good enough to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of the working men of England. If you will believe him, he knows their interests better than they do themselves; he is capable, from his own high moral elevation, of teaching them the path to virtue, and is justified in patronizing them with condescending eulogy when they are induced to fall in with his particular crotchet in morals or education. The apparatus which is employed by these self-appointed physicians in the treatment of their patients is worthy of study for its variety and ingenuity. The working man drinks too much beer; and so they erect fountains of water for him, under the impression, apparently, that in a competition between the attractions of beer and cold water, beer will always carry the day. The working man spends too much of his time talking to his friends at the public-house; so they set up exhibitions which shall stimulate him, by the irresistible bait of a prize to be given by a Lord, to go home to his cold garret and spend the evening in cutting toys by the light of a tallow dip. The working man is shut out from the elevating intercourse of his superiors; and, therefore, they give him tea (with cakes and jam), at which a few ladies will walk behind him and throw him a few condescending remarks—a munificence for which he is expected to be profuse and demonstrative in his gratitude. The working man does not go to Church as much as he might, and therefore they agitate to stop the excursion trains which lure him out of town. In fact, there is no point of the working man's daily life, no single relation in which he stands, no duty which he has to perform, no enjoyment which it is his habit to seek, in respect to which somebody is not trying to coax, lecture, or drive him into some course which of himself he would not

be inclined to follow. He may be looked upon as a kind of moral bog, upon which every one tries his power of cultivation, and thinks himself called upon to drain, or dig, or transform in some fashion or other. That these efforts spring, at least partially, from feelings of benevolence is not to be denied. But it may be fairly questioned whether they exhibit a due respect for the honest pride of others, or whether they proceed upon a fitting estimate of the comparative moral positions of the class that lectures, and the class that is lectured. If the Sons of God, of whom it is related that they married the daughters of men, instead of so misconducting themselves, had devoted themselves to the practice of philanthropy among the antediluvian working-classes, they might have assumed this kind of tone without incongruity. But is that precisely the relative moral position which our upper and middle classes occupy towards those who in point of wealth are beneath them?

AMERICA.

THE prospects of the Confederates have scarcely become brighter, although the Tennessee campaign has ended with the arrival of Hood at Corinth. The Federal statements that he had lost all his artillery, except eight guns, are probably untrue; and, on the other hand, there is perhaps some error in the report that the Federal General STONEMAN had met with a similar misfortune. No Southern leader has, since the commencement of the war, been so unfortunate as Hood. If he had not wasted his strength in unavailing attempts to defend Atlanta, it would have been impossible for SHERMAN to penetrate further into Georgia, except by slow and regular advances. Even at the time when Hood assumed the offensive, he might have compelled the enemy to evacuate Chattanooga, if he had not attacked Franklin and threatened Nashville. The only considerable Confederate army between the Mississippi and the Atlantic coast is now pushed far away to the West, while the enemy has recovered the whole of Tennessee, with the opportunity of returning at pleasure to Atlanta. It is probable that President DAVIS will soon entrust the conduct of the Western campaign to some more cautious general. The Federal army which has been enabled by Hood's temerity to carry the war into a new region appears already to be preparing for further operations. General SHERMAN has crossed the Savannah river with the whole, or with a portion, of his force, and his movement threatens at the same time Augusta and Charleston. It is uncertain whether the Confederate generals will be able to offer serious opposition to his advance. The troops which were collected in Augusta will be available as reinforcements to HARDEE, and it is supposed that a part of the army which now defends Richmond will be despatched to the South during the suspension of active siege operations. The importance which is attached to SHERMAN'S movements is shown by the report that LEE is likely to assume in person the command of the army of South Carolina; but the sacrifices which the Virginians have made to the common cause will probably secure them from the discouragement which would be inflicted on the army which covers Richmond by the withdrawal of the Commander-in-Chief. The Southern journals already exhibit a not inexcusable despondency. Some writers talk wildly of returning to a colonial condition, or of asking the protection of France; and a more serious purpose is indicated by the renewed discussion of the project for raising a negro contingent. A measure so distasteful to the Government and the people would never be proposed if the want of men for the supply of the armies were not becoming every day more urgent. There is no longer any reason for objecting to the plan as a confession of weakness. If the Congress at Richmond can be induced to sanction the experiment, it is probable that the Government will gladly avail itself of a necessary resource.

The disclosure or affectation of Union feeling at Savannah will have further disquieted the Southern leaders, unless it is known to be fictitious. As, however, the Savannah papers have been transferred to Northern editors, their statements of fact must be accepted with extreme hesitation. It is not even surprising that a meeting should have been held for the purpose of renewing allegiance to the United States, for many similar demonstrations were arranged in New Orleans at a time when the population was thoroughly disaffected to the intrusive Government. Yet it appears that the Mayor of Savannah and some of the Aldermen took a part in the movement for reunion. The resolutions which were adopted pledged the meeting to disclaim the character of conquered enemies, and to claim the benefits of Mr. LINCOLN'S proclamation

as repentant citizens of the United States. Some doubt is thrown on the genuineness of the proceedings by the curious forgetfulness of the managers of the affair that, as Georgian citizens, they were, even according to the Federal theory, bound by allegiance to a sovereign State which is at present in open war with the Government of Washington. That the inhabitant of a captured town should submit to the fortune of war is a necessary consequence of their position; but it is a new doctrine that a municipal community can permanently dispose of itself without reference to any central authority. Whether the transaction is irregular or legal, it involves a serious danger to the South, if the resolutions of the meeting represent the opinion of the people of Savannah. A precedent for seeking present ease, and escape from suffering and danger, would be likely to produce frequent imitation.

Notwithstanding the costly failure of the Wilmington expedition, the success of the armies has produced the natural consequence of increasing the arrogance of the North. The English Government has no duty more urgent than the exhibition of firmness in all transactions with the United States. Though courtesy has been thrown away, and justice has been misunderstood, there must be no departure from the steady and considerate neutrality which has been observed in word and in deed; but if the insane malignity of American feeling is destined to issue in war, it might be well that the rupture should be so timed as to inflict a heavy blow on the promoter of the causeless quarrel. It is not the business of the English Government to resent the insolent language which Mr. SEWARD has addressed to Brazil; but the ostentatious rudeness of his recent conduct to England ought not to be allowed to pass without reproof. Mr. WATSON WEBB has not been dismissed or censured for the foolish vituperation of England which he gratuitously introduced into his apology for a treacherous outrage perpetrated by Federal officers in a Brazilian port. General DIX still claims the right of violating English territory at his pleasure, and Mr. SEWARD, in open contempt for international law, avows pretensions which might at any moment furnish a pretext for war against England. He asserts that the recognition of the naval belligerent rights of the Confederates is "an act of intervention in derogation of the law of nations, and unfriendly and wrongful, as it is manifestly injurious, to the United States." The sole reason assigned for an imputation which applies to every State in Europe is implied in the statement that the Confederates "have hitherto been, and still are, destitute of naval forces, ports, and coasts." In other words, Mr. SEWARD maintains that a blockade deprives a belligerent, not only of the free use of its harbours, but of the right to a flag. The official and non-official declaimers of the North have been repeatedly and vainly challenged to produce an authority for the doctrine that belligerent rights may exist on land without extending to the sea. The American Courts and the American Government have formerly held that the right of a belligerent to its flag is wholly independent, not only of free access to its ports, but even of the possession of a sea-coast. The *Florida* sailed, in fact, from a Confederate port with a regular commission, and Mr. SEWARD virtually asserts that a man-of-war becomes a pirate by the mere act of breaking a blockade. The Confederate States have Courts in abundance competent to adjudicate on captures which might be brought within their jurisdiction. To the enemy the existence or non-existence of Prize Courts must be wholly immaterial; for the only possible litigation on hostile prizes is between the captor and his own Government. An enemy's ship may be confiscated, sunk, or burnt without any judicial sentence whatever. If a blockade annihilates belligerent rights, Russian ships of war were pirates in 1855, and French ships of war during the operation of the celebrated Orders in Council. The claim of the Federal Government does not even admit of argument, yet Mr. SEWARD publicly declares that it is no longer open to argument. A lawless contempt both for the established rules of international law and for the unanimous opinion and decision of the civilized world is certainly not a cause for war as long as it is confined to words, but it involves great and obvious danger of a collision.

The Note addressed to the representative of Brazil at Washington is a formal intimation that the Federal Government recognises no law but force. The unparalleled baseness and audacity of the crime for which it purports to be an apology might have suggested the expediency of suppressing, for once, the use of overbearing language. The extreme partisans in England who have seemed anxious almost to denationalize themselves in their devotion to the Federal cause, pay a high, though involuntary, compliment to the

country which they delight to humble, by the different standards which they apply to English and American conduct. If an English Legislature in the middle of a costly war had sacrificed a fourth of the Customs' revenue for the sake of a protective tariff, if an English Government had affected to treat cruisers issuing from a blockaded port as pirates, if an English envoy had been allowed to retain his post after he had offered an unprovoked affront to a friendly Power, the party which now worships America would have almost outstripped the community at large in its demand for immediate redress and for punishment. The admirers of American statesmen tacitly assume that they are incapable of appreciating political economy or international justice, and more especially that they dispense, as a matter of course, in public transactions, with the language and bearing of gentlemen. The captor and the destroyers of the *Florida* have perhaps succeeded in disturbing the equanimity of English Federalists, though their acts appear to have caused no serious indignation in America. Mr. SEWARD is justified in withholding any admission of even notorious facts as long as they are under judicial investigation, but he might have ventured on a hypothetical condemnation of the treachery and meanness which are imputed to persons holding the commission of the United States. A Minister, however, even in America, is still subject to the human weakness of affecting, in his public communications, a certain respect for morality and for the opinion of mankind. The New York Chamber of Commerce has furnished a striking illustration of Mr. BRIGHT's doctrine, that traders are superior to all other classes. A Committee of the Chamber, appointed to consider the case of the *Florida*, has proposed a vote of thanks to Captain COLLINS for the capture of the vessel. The formal approval of an act which has been declared by the Government a proper subject for a Court-martial is probably explained by the accompanying circumstances, which may be thought to remove the seizure of the *Florida* out of the category of merely professional offences. A community which erects self-will and national interest into a first principle is a dangerous neighbour. It is highly necessary that the American Government and people should understand that, except by words, England cannot be insulted or outraged with impunity.

TIMOTHY DALY.

MANY inferences may be drawn from the melancholy history of TIMOTHY DALY's bed-sores; but they will tend more, we fear, to reassure masters of workhouses and Boards of Guardians in metropolitan parishes than to satisfy the public at large. It has hitherto been generally believed that letting a pauper die was a course of proceeding which, however profitable it might be to the ratepayers, would have the effect of involving their too zealous servants in trouble. Any such obstacle to the legitimate operations of parochial economy is now happily, in a great measure, removed. Of course we cannot say what course Mr. VILLIERS may think fit to take; but it is evident that paupers may be disposed of with great facility now, and without the risk of any collision with the criminal law to those concerned. It is a crime which it is very easy to commit, and quite impossible to detect. If the duty which is committed to those who administer the Poor Law were definite and certain, it would be easy to punish delinquents, and so to secure its due performance. But keeping a pauper alive appears to be an eminently indefinite sort of duty. The element of uncertainty in it arises from the fact that paupers occasionally die of something else besides the misdeeds of Poor Law officers, and behind this uncertainty these officers can entrench themselves in an impregnable position. They have used it with great effect during the discussions which, for the last four years, have been taking place upon Poor Law questions. When it has been asserted that the Poor Law has broken down, they have replied with a challenge to their opponents to produce any one case of a man who has died from starvation in consequence of the meagreness of Poor Law relief. A case unquestionably in point can hardly be produced. The reason is, that there is no special disease which is the monopoly of Poor-law neglect. If a man dies in a few hours after his skull has been stove in by a knuckle-duster, it is safe to presume that the knuckle-duster was the cause of death; but the dole of a shilling and a loaf, with which metropolitan Guardians affect to alleviate distress, does not leave upon its victim any direct evidence of its insufficiency. Simple inanition is a rare form of death. The body is seldom sound enough to maintain its healthy functions till vitality is actually

extinguished for want of fuel. The absence of food slowly reduces strength; and when this has reached to a certain point, some form of disease, according to circumstances and each man's predisposition, fastens upon the weakened body, and becomes the proximate and apparent cause of death. Thus medical science is seldom able to pronounce with confidence that Poor-law neglect, and that alone, is the cause of death; for there is probably no disease among those that mow down the half-starved inhabitants of the East of London which is not known, in some instance or other, to have been fatal to men who have been indisputably well fed and well cared for. The relieving officers may therefore generally look upon *post mortem* examinations with perfect unconcern.

The case of TIMOTHY DALY shows that, as far as the law is concerned, a similar immunity exists for neglect that produces fatal results within the workhouse walls. Dirt, insufficient nourishment, and careless attendance will produce bed-sores of so dangerous a type as to end in death. It is clear enough that there was insufficient nourishment and inadequate attendance in the case of DALY, and it is probable that the requirements of cleanliness were not sufficiently observed. But though these irregularities existed, and though they are known to breed the malady of which the patient died, it seems to be impossible to connect the two together legally, because there are undoubted cases in which fatal bed-sores have occurred in spite of the utmost care. If an adequate punishment could be inflicted for DALY's death, it would probably act as a powerful protection to the paupers in other metropolitan workhouses for some time to come: but such a punishment is rendered impossible by the inevitable uncertainties of medical science. Certain technical irregularities stated to have been committed by the master of the workhouse and the medical officer may possibly give an excuse to the Poor-law Board for ordering their dismissal; but no punishment will reach the Guardians to whose niggardly dietary and scanty medical salary the death of DALY was really due, and no security will be taken that the causes which produced it shall cease to operate. The discovery of DALY's ill-treatment was purely accidental. His determination not to remain longer under it, while it undoubtedly accelerated his death, also gave an opportunity to others not connected with the workhouse to inquire into its causes. Had he stayed and died, his death would have been certified by the doctor, his bones would have been summarily rattled over the stones to the parish burying-place, and no human being would have ever heard of the sufferings which have excited so much widely-spread indignation. How many more sloughing bed-sores there may have been, how they have been treated, and how they have ended, is a matter known only to the doctor, and the master, and the unpaid pauper nurses, and the schoolboy who fills in, according to the lights of his youthful imagination, the medical registers ordered to be kept by the Poor-law Board. Judging from this specimen of the care with which the Holborn Guardians attend their sick, it is probable that there has been in operation for some time past, in their infirmary, a system of pauper removal remarkable for its efficiency and cheapness.

Most men will have come to the conclusion, from this case, that the poor require some better protection than is afforded by an inquiry which can lead to no important result, and which can only be held in those cases where the exceptional resolution of a dying man has unveiled the interior of a workhouse infirmary. The death of the unfortunate patient has, at all events, happened opportunely for the protection of his class. The Committee of the House of Commons upon the Poor Law, which has been sitting for some time past, reported in the course of last summer; and some measure upon the subject must be introduced next year. A short time back, an announcement appeared that the Directors of St. Pancras Workhouse, in contemplation of this contingency, had taken measures to agitate against any further interference with the independence of Boards of Guardians. About ten years ago a similar scandal occurred with reference to the sanitary condition of St. Pancras Workhouse, and a report in terms of the severest censure was made upon it by no less a person than Dr. BENGE JONES. The Directors probably flattered themselves that this and other exploits of metropolitan Boards of Guardians had been forgotten by this time. They must be wishing that TIMOTHY DALY would have been good enough to have contracted his bed-sores either a little earlier or a little later, or at any other time than on the eve of a Parliamentary Session so critical for their official fate. Their ill-luck has only been equalled by that of the railway Directors who had made arrangements to agitate for

the repeal of Lord CAMPBELL's Act giving compensation in cases of fatal accidents, just before the two great smashes took place upon the Brighton and North London lines. After the disclosures of this case, it will be impossible to ask Parliament to rely entirely upon the humanity of Boards of Guardians and workhouse officials. The strange thing is, that such a reliance should ever have been reposed, not that it should have been disappointed. In fact, it is to the credit of parochial functionaries that the results of the present system have not been more scandalous than they have actually been. They have been put in the position, in which no human beings ought ever to be placed, of being judges in their own case. The duty is imposed on them of deciding how much the law requires them, and those who elect them, to give to the poor. If the relief of the poor were a matter of piety or of sentiment, such an arrangement would be quite right. Donors may fairly be allowed to measure the extent of their own donations. But the relief of the poor, under the Poor Law, has nothing to do with sentiment. It is a matter of sheer law. By law, the ratepayers are debtors to the destitute; and the amount of their debt is exactly the amount necessary to keep those destitute persons from death or from disease. That being the state of the obligation between the two parties, the inconceivable absurdity has been perpetrated of making the Guardians, who are the representatives of the ratepayers, the absolute judges of the amount of the debt due from them. The result might have been anticipated without any very arduous exercise of foresight. The Guardians, without committing any extreme act of inhumanity, have, in the generality of cases, weighted the scales of justice pretty heavily upon the side of the ratepayers; and this bias has naturally been most manifest in town districts, where the Guardians are seldom persons of independent means. It is no discredit to them that it should be so. If the amount of every man's debts were decided, not by an impartial court, but by a jury of his own dependents, there is no doubt that Christmas bills would shrink to slender proportions. On the same principle, it naturally follows that the present system keeps down the rates. The only drawback is the risk of such cases as those of TIMOTHY DALY, a few of which occasionally come to light. It is impossible to enjoy the combined advantages of liberality and of parsimony. Low rates naturally involve starved paupers. The system may be agreeable from a ratepayer's point of view, but it is less satisfactory to the other party concerned. Parliament will have to adjudicate between the two; but it cannot hope to do justice to the paupers if it places in the hands of the ratepayers an uncontrolled choice whether they prefer high rates and healthy paupers, or a system of diet that shall reduce their rates and reduce their paupers too.

THE WIMBLEDON COMMON BILL.

IT was a fortunate circumstance for the Volunteers and the public in general that, when the force was first called into existence, the Manor of Wimbledon was in the hands of Earl SPENCER. The strict legal rights over the wastes of a manor which the Lord can exercise are limited, as Sir THOMAS WILSON has learned to his sorrow at Hampstead Heath; but, indirectly, a Lord of the Manor can give a good deal of assistance to Volunteers and others who desire to make a reasonable use of the common ground, and, should he be unfavourably disposed, his power of obstruction is very considerable. It will be remembered that, at the Easter Monday Review on the heath near Guildford, the opposition of a reputed Lord of the Manor was sufficient to close the larger portion of the proposed battle-ground; and there is no doubt that if Lord SPENCER, instead of being an ardent rifleman, had been (as a Lord of the Wimbledon Manor might have been, and may be hereafter) a stubborn opponent of the popular movement, it would have fared ill with the London Volunteers. Not only could he have prevented the formation of the permanent ranges at which Lord ELCHO's corps and one or two more are daily practising, but the very existence of the National Rifle Association might have been imperilled. It may be doubtful whether Lord SPENCER alone could have authorized the establishment of permanent butts, and it is more than doubtful whether he and his homage together have any legal right to enclose the common once a year and charge a fee for entrance; but the influence of the Lord has sufficed in practice to carry both these points, and the Volunteers have not been slow to acknowledge the value of his support, which will no doubt be continued as long as he lives, and continues to be the owner of the Manor of Wimbledon. But life is precarious, and property sometimes changes hands; and it seems to have

occurred to Lord SPENCER and others that it would be very desirable to legalize and perpetuate the privileges of the rifle on Wimbledon Common, and by one masterly stroke to secure the ground for the public use, without rendering it less profitable than it has hitherto been to the noble Earl. When this project was first announced, the press blared out in a grand burst of trumpets in honour of the munificence of the founder of the Volunteer Park; but of late a startling change has come over the scene, and ugly murmurs are heard against the terms of the Bill by which it is proposed to carry out the scheme. There was a certain amount of flunkeyism about the first jubilant cry, and we do not imagine that Lord SPENCER, who never affected to be sacrificing his own interests, would have claimed to be regarded as a munificent patron. A scheme designed to promote the practice of Volunteers and the enjoyment of the public, without asking any sacrifice from Lord SPENCER or the tenants and commoners of the manor, is something much better than the most generous piece of munificence; and such a scheme (as we shall shortly point out) may easily be carried out by a slight modification of the Bill which some of our contemporaries have so mercilessly criticized.

To make this clear, it is only necessary to consider what the existing rights over Wimbledon Common are, and in what way the Bill proposes to deal with them. The rights of the Lord are, to use the common for pasture, and to dig and sell practically as much gravel as he pleases, together with some other privileges, including the barren ownership of the soil, of no substantial pecuniary value. The neighbouring parishes also have a right to take gravel for the repair of their roads, and the copyholders and commoners have all their limited rights of common, according to the custom of the manor. In ordinary cases, the Lord of a Manor, and his tenants and commoners, if they put their heads together, can often manage to add to their profits, either by insidious encroachments on the waste, or by the sweeping process of inclosure; but such contingencies may be put out of the calculation in the case of Wimbledon, because the first device can scarcely be resorted to, and there exists a statute by force of which no common within fifteen miles of London can be inclosed without the special sanction of Parliament, which would never be given unless due provision were made for the public enjoyment. Besides these legal rights, there is the substantial privilege which all people *de facto* enjoy of wandering at their will over the picturesque slopes of uninclosed wastes like Hampstead Heath and Wimbledon Common—a privilege which neither Lord nor tenants would have the power, even if they had the will, practically to abridge. Perhaps we ought also to add to our enumeration the rights enjoyed by the range-holding corps and the National Rifle Association; but these are, we believe, dependent for their permanence wholly upon the good dispositions of the Lord and his tenants.

The scheme of the Wimbledon Common Bill takes account of all these rights except those of the Volunteer corps who have constructed ranges on the heath, which are left to rest, as heretofore, upon the favour which they may expect from the present Lord, and may hope for from his successor. The plan of the proposed Act is to divide Wimbledon Common into two portions, of which the larger is to be inclosed as a public Park, and the smaller to be sold, wholly or so far as may be necessary, to defray the expenses incidental to the project, with the exception only of a couple of acres which are to be bestowed on Lord SPENCER as a site for a mansion. No one would grudge so small an allotment by way of promotion-bonus for so magnificent a scheme; and the only provisions to which the Volunteers and the public need look are those which regulate the mode in which the public Park is to be used. The powers proposed to be given to the Trustee of the Park (we prefer this intelligible word to the term "Protector" substituted for it in the Bill) are indefinite and almost unlimited. There is no kind of public user of the 700 acres that are to be inclosed as a park which the Trustee is not authorized by the terms of the Bill to permit, with the exception of political meetings, open-air preaching, and meetings of clubs and benefit societies. Rides, drives, and paths may be cut, obstructions may be levelled, the land may be drained, planted with trees, or sown with grass, as the Trustee thinks fit; and equestrians, carriages, and cabs may be admitted if and when the Trustee shall so direct. It is within the scope of his sole authority to permit the use of the Park for any purpose of public utility or interest, and for such games and pastimes, at such times and places, and under such conditions or restrictions as he shall think proper. His park-keepers are to be invested with all the attributes of metropolitan policemen; and

for the purpose of making by-laws, and imposing and levying fines for their breach, the Trustee is to enjoy the powers usually confined to Parliament and Railway Companies. Unlike the Legislature, the Trustee is to be at liberty to repeal and alter his own laws, not only in the same Session, but on the same day on which they are passed; and, in short, with the exceptions we have mentioned, he has the amplest power conferred upon him to sanction the use of the Park in any way which the humour of the public may for the time being render desirable; and, moreover, to remove all gipsies and other persons whom he and his keepers may deem improper. On the principle that it is better to rely on the judgment of a well-chosen Trustee than to hamper his usefulness by checks and restrictions, the conditions annexed to the exercise of these powers are few and simple. In the first place, the Trustee may not close the Park between sunrise and sunset, or take money at the gates without the sanction of the HOME SECRETARY; but with that sanction he may, on suitable occasions, do so—a provision evidently intended for the benefit of the National Rifle Association. In the next place, his by-laws (with certain exceptions) are not to come into operation without the like sanction of the HOME SECRETARY. The exceptions, however, are so large as almost to include everything which could be the subject of a by-law. All regulations as to games and pastimes, and the code of law for the government of the park-keepers, remain at the sole discretion of the Trustee. He is, moreover, empowered of his own authority to appropriate quarries and gravel-pits to whomsoever he pleases, and to regulate the working of them at his pleasure. It is only when he desires to legislate beyond these limits that he is under the necessity of obtaining the approval of the SECRETARY OF STATE. Add to all this, that the Trustee may sell as much as is required of the outlying portion of the Common to defray the expenses of the trust, so that there is no risk of the funds falling short. No one will deny that these powers are framed with a liberal hand. Neither the Volunteers nor the public could desire that the Trustee who is to guard their privileges should have more ample authority for the purpose.

Thus far we have considered only the public interest, but the project would be certain to fail if it did not make due provision for vested private rights, and this part of the scheme is handled with equal skill. In truth, there was no great difficulty about it. The proceeds of the sale of the Common outside of the Park could not fail to supply ample funds for all expenses and all compensations; and out of these funds it is provided that all the rights of the Lord, the copyholders, and the commoners, which the Trustee may deal with, shall be fully compensated so far as the money will go. Thus a park will be secured for the public absolutely free from any claim, either on the part of Lord or tenant or any one else, with only the exception we are about to state. One or two rights—the only valuable ones, in fact—are to be reserved instead of being compensated. The Lord of the Manor is to retain the soil of the Park and the profit of the grass and timber, and also the lucrative right of taking gravel when and where he may please. The parishes, too, are still to enjoy the privilege of digging gravel for their roads; but the Trustee is to prescribe the places whence they may dig, and may prohibit the taking of gravel from any other part of the Park. A Trustee very zealous for the public might easily manage to get rid of this nuisance altogether, by assigning unworkable situations for the parochial gravel-pits; but perhaps this might be thought too hard, and even then there would remain the Lord's right of digging and of letting the pasturage, with which the Trustee would not be allowed to interfere. A further right to let at a rent sites for refreshment-houses is also reserved for the Lord, so that, with his compensation and his reservations taken together, it is clear that his interests are, as they ought to be, amply protected.

Up to this point it might be difficult to find a flaw in the scheme. Handsome payment is given for all vested rights, and boundless powers are conferred on the Trustee who represents the public. All that is requisite beyond this is to secure the appointment of a fit Trustee, or, we should rather say, a fit body of Trustees. The powers to be exercised are too large to be made dependent on the crotchets which even the best-selected Trustee might take up on such a subject. This will be obvious when it is considered that almost all the authorities of the Trustee are merely permissive, the only compulsory direction being to keep the Park open in the daytime. If he has vast powers for enabling the public to use the Park, he has equally extensive powers of preventing such enjoyment, as he may at any time, of his sole will and pleasure,

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forbid all user of the ground except by pedestrians who may be willing to walk decently and in order, on such gravel paths as the Trustee may feel inclined to make. No Trustee in his senses could go as far as this, especially as no one would benefit by the protection of the herbage except the Lord of the Manor; but still it would need some discretion to say precisely what should be allowed and what should be forbidden. Therefore, we would suggest, let there be several Trustees instead of one. As to their appointment, it might be regulated in many ways; the only essential points being—first, that the public should be represented, either directly, or it might be indirectly through the Crown, and, secondly, that no person having an interest which could conflict with that of the public should be eligible as a Trustee, or have any vote in the matter. As will be seen, the only private interests that could clash with the rights of the public would be those of the gravel-digging parishes and the Lord of the Manor; and if the Trustees were wholly independent of their influence, the scheme would be no less advantageous to the public than profitable to the compensated interests.

This brings us to the mistake which we noticed at the outset—the only defect in the Bill. The draftsman, in his choice of a Trustee, has curiously selected the only person whose position absolutely disqualifies him for the office. He has named "The Right Honourable JOHN POYNTEZ Earl SPENCER, his heirs and assigns, Lords of the Manor of Wimbledon," as the sole Trustees, or, as he terms them, "Protectors" for ever, of the public Park. It is a maxim of that noble, though much abused, code of ethics technically known as Equity, that no man ought to place himself in a position in which his interests and his duty can conflict. It would, of course, be one of the main duties of the Trustees to see that the rights of the Lord of the Manor were not exercised so as to interfere with those conferred on the public; and though a good rifleman like Lord SPENCER may be trusted in shooting matters, and we hope in all others, to keep due watch over the temptations of such a position, we know of no magic by which to ensure an equally self-denying spirit in every Lord of the Manor of Wimbledon for the time being who may acquire the property by inheritance or purchase. The power to shut up all the Wimbledon ranges, to ruin the National Rifle Association, and to destroy the enjoyment of the Park which he proposes to create, is not, we should think, one which Lord SPENCER would desire to exercise, and therefore it is not one which he should desire to possess, and to transmit to every future owner of Wimbledon Manor. He can scarcely wish that the Volunteers and the public should be absolutely dependent on his own patronage and his successor's caprice, and he will not find it difficult to place them in a more independent and becoming position, without in any way impairing the full compensation to which he is entitled for his present rights. All that is needed is to substitute an independent Board of Trustees for the Protector named in the Bill; and when this is done, we think we may undertake to say that the Bill will pass by acclamation. If this is not done, it would be as hopeful a task to try to pass an Act for carrying a railway through the nave of St. Paul's.

SECRETS.

IF we remember right, it is Fenelon who sets forth the importance of children being early taught the art of keeping a secret. Telemachus, while still a child, knew how to move among his mother's suitors, keeping her counsel and his own, without letting it be seen even that he had a secret. We do not know whether this is an essential part of the education of princes in the present day, but it clearly was in the times from which Fenelon derived his ideas on this subject, for then secrecy was indeed one of the leading arts of government, and consequently one that royal personages could not begin to practise too soon. In fact it was only by beginning early that dissimulation could be fostered into that perfect art which consists in the concealment of art. Persons who turn secret late in life, or upon compulsion, betray themselves by a certain closeness or disingenuousness of manner. The young princes we read of had the *viso sciutto* so much commended in Ulysses' son. Mary of Scots at ten years old was the delight of the Guises—all of them professors in the mystery of dissimulation—for her skill in keeping a secret, while charming all the world by the ravishing frankness of her manner; and Charles IX., another pupil of the same school, awakens the admiration of the historian for the manner in which he kept the secret of the great plot to its consummation. It was *cosa notabile*, says Davila, to see the old chief of the Huguenot faction brought to make his submission to the King; "but it was a much more notable thing that the King, so young in years, so irascible by nature, knew how to dissemble so perfectly that, calling him father and raising him with his own hand, he made every one believe him to be sincerely reconciled to him." This unquestionably was the result of early training. A youth thus taught is more than a match for

veterans in intrigue if they came of honest parents, because his conscience has received a twist permanently confusing his notions of right and wrong—a twist which history seems to say can never come straight. If, then, people have awkward secrets to keep, it may be convenient to have been early initiated into the art of keeping them; but the world's experience is against making children depositaries of important secrets of any kind, partly because most secrets are connected with error and sin of some sort, but mainly because any secret beyond a birthday mystery is a burden peculiarly unfitted for children, though exceedingly attractive to them. The pretty story-books which give the small hero or heroine an awful secret to keep, even from mamma, are playing a dangerous game with infant honesty and ingenuousness. Good and sensible children do not tell things they ought not, but not under the notion that the thing withheld is a secret. It is classed among the innumerable things in a child's mind which the child would find it impossible to say.

With most persons, however, the art of keeping a secret is at a low enough stage of development. With uncultivated, unrestrained people, a secret is often a burden intolerable to be borne, and this though the secret be one to affect their fame, and even life. We believe half the confessions of gross crime are made, not from remorse, but simply because the criminal cannot keep his secret; he wants a present gratification, and prefers to tell it and die. Once it is out, he may care for the punishment, but is easy about the crime. He has satisfied the want of his soul. But, happily, a secret does not mean, in men's ordinary acceptance, any deep oppressive mystery; and "keeping secrets" means something quite different from the dissimulation of royal schemers, or the silence of moody conspirators or breakers of the law. Our relations to secrets are of two kinds. They may be our own or our friends'. Prudence and favouring circumstances may keep us clear of important secrets of our own, but there is always something which it is wise to keep to ourselves, and most people know something or other about their friends which they must not divulge. Now it is clearly a duty to keep our friend's secret, and it is wisdom to keep our own, but with the majority this is a hard duty. Some, indeed, seem physically incapacitated from observing it. We all know people who can only regard a secret as something to tell. Their precaution is solely engaged in finding a fit depositary; they regard it as an egg to be laid in some hidden safe place. And perhaps, if they could be content with one telling, they would not differ so much from their fellows, for very few people can lock a thing that deeply interests and concerns them absolutely in their own breasts; but with them the yearning to tell continues on them so long as the secret interests themselves. They have no place to keep it in, so they give it in our charge. Their minds are thoroughfares through which they invite any one to pass. All their stock is in the window, and our secret is only hung out with the rest. This mere babbling incontinence of a secret is a different thing from that love of mystery which tends to much the same result. To be fond of secrets leads, of course, to the manufacturing of them; it is to be fond, not only of hearing and telling, but of having them. Indeed the impulse to tell and to conceal are in this case kindred ones. People in this state of mind don't much care for any information that is not enveloped in a mystery. Their notion of a pleasant conversation is of telling things that ought not to be told, or of which the tone implies that they ought not to be told; their notion of a compliment is to impart something with the entreaty not to let it go further. Our first introduction to this form of confidence is at once flattering and embarrassing. Our honour and discretion are appealed to with a trust and engaging reliance of which it is anxious work to show ourselves worthy. No doubt gossip gains a great deal in excitement when thus imparted, but in time it becomes a harassment to a tender conscience, which cannot for the life of it recall which was particular and which general information, and fears lest what was confided under oaths of secrecy should be let out unawares. But we come in time to the conclusion that the person who tells his secret from no necessity, but only to amuse himself at the time, cannot thus throw the onus of keeping it on our shoulders. He has no right to expect from us more prudence than he has shown; while a further experience makes it apparent that our friend had only one notion of a *l'été-à-l'été*—as an opportunity for telling a secret. A vast number of secrets are current in society in this hunt-the-slipper form of circulation. Nor does it do to call it a secret no longer. It is a very fair secret, as the world goes, so long as it is not discussed by threes and fours, and so long as the person mainly concerned does not know that it is known. This is the real standing of many religiously kept secrets.

Secrets themselves vary very much in their keeping power. There are secrets which there is no temptation to tell, from the absence in them of certain popular qualities; there are others so universally interesting or curious, or so congenial to both tellers and hearers, that they have no chance of being kept. Nobody could have kept the secret of Midas's ears. A slave has the blame of letting it out, but if he had waited, the monarch's wisest and most ancient councillors would have whispered it, not to the reeds, but to each other, under the excuse that it was an affair of state; and if these had got no hint of the wonder, the owner of the ears would have told it himself. It is just one of those peculiarities that cannot be borne alone. Even if the perruquier did his part to a miracle, the secret of a wig would never be kept. Wherever the commoner form of curiosity is stimulated, it always gains its end.

Thus no matrimonial engagement is ever a secret, even though—which is not often the case—the principal parties try to keep it one. The secret that is kept best is what people don't care to hear; and even here the possessor is apt to blab, from resentment at the neglect of his mystery.

There are two seasons of peril for an important secret—its birth and first reception, and when it is grown old and so familiar that the man's other thoughts have adapted themselves to it. De Quincy gives it as his opinion that, except where a secret is of a nature to affect some person's life, most men would not remember beyond two years the most solemn obligations to secrecy. After a lapse of time the substance of the secret will remain upon the mind, but how one came by it will be forgotten. There are secrets, we know, that never pass the lips of the possessor. There are people with strength of character, fidelity, or an ever-present fear, which enables them to live a long life and make no sign of a continually gnawing anxiety. At the best, this is among the greatest trials of temper and disposition. Something about a man is always worse for a mystery. It may be only his manner, if the secret has no guilt in it; but where the secret is caused by some personal fault, the mischief of wrong-doing is indefinitely aggravated by absolute brooding silence. Misers and hoarders have their secrets which they seem to have no temptation to tell, and which separate them from humanity, and so have those men whose life is one system of shams and false pretences. Nothing can look what it is to one of these men guarding some hidden fraud; the mind becomes so fixed on the thought of preserving a secret which is life and death, that it comes at last to be himself against the world—against every person and thing outside his own consciousness. A selfish secret is the worst of all. We read of conspirators and nations of conspirators able, as a body, to keep secrets in the spirit of the solitary impostor, and with a patient vigilance which no temptation or surprise can betray. These are the people who are most remorseless when their time comes. Many secrets are well kept because there is no form of words at hand to tell them in; for whereas some slip out too naturally in the easiest narrative, others are irksome even in thought, from the complications and explanations they would involve. Secrets that are nice to tell have no chance against these. For this reason, many very influential secrets of the heart die untold. The story is interesting and, on some points, tempting to revive; but it would require too much that is not pleasant to set it attractively before the hearer.

The faithful keeper of a secret is not one who thinks of it mainly as such, but as a thing in its own nature, and, for certain reasons, better not told, and who never allows one to be confided to him if he can kindly and fairly avoid it. People who like secrets betray them, to show their own consequence, and to make themselves acceptable. Conscious fidelity has not much chance against the stimulus of showing yourself trusted; for, as Dr. Johnson has it, most men seem rather inclined to confess the want of virtue than of importance. People averse to secrets may be holders of them without being aware; that is, a thing is often a secret, or not, as it is regarded, for a secret is a thing *studiously* kept. A wise man may suppress certain things, instinctively and without study, as not fit to be told; and with such, an innocent secret is safest.

If a man has a weighty secret, it is superfluous to say that he does best to keep it to himself; but if he is not equal to the burden, or if, on other grounds, a confidant is needed, it is not well to fix upon a person naturally silent. Such a one is the most likely of all to blurt out your secret, from mere ignorance of the art of talking. The silent man has nothing he cares to say, and so says nothing; but this is no guarantee when he finds himself in the novel position of having something which he would like to say, and which others would like to hear. People are not taciturn from discretion. A natural easy habit of talking is the best veil for a secret. A good talker knows how to divert suspicion, and to give the conversation the direction he pleases. Persons naturally silent seldom know the right thing to say in an emergency. Neither must a secret ever be told to a person who would look down upon it. Full half the breaches of confidence are perpetrated in mere disdain. Thus husbands and wives betray each other's secrets. The wife tells what the husband lets fall of business, because she does not realize its importance. The husband betrays his wife and her friends to his familiars, from manly contempt of women's petty mysteries. The only safe confidant—apart from high personal qualities—is one with some community of interest in the affair itself.

A novel has come out lately, the story of which hangs on the question how far the wife is bound to tell her husband her friend's secret. In this case the husband insists on his privilege, on pain of the wife's expulsion from his home; the wife stands by her friend, and accepts the penalty. We do not know how far the authoress thinks the husband's line justified by the law; but we observed that one critic considered he had right on his side, and that the blame of the breach rested with the lady. The case really is much like that of the Duchess of Marlborough, who to induce Queen Anne to tell her political secrets, quoted Montaigne's argument, that to tell a secret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, because a man and his friend are virtually one and the same. If it is a transparent fallacy as Montaigne puts it, we do not see how it is less a fallacy where it is man and wife instead of friend and friend. The consequences to the lady's friend are the same. The husband may oppose his wife's friendships, but he cannot compel her to betray them. Sir Philip Sidney settled the

point for both husband and wife when he wrote, in his fine manner, "What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine."

THE POETRY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE American struggle has of course generated, amongst other things, a plentiful crop of poetry. Equally of course, nine-tenths of the poetry is distinguishable from prose run mad only by the rhymes at the end of the lines and the capital letters at the beginning. It seems indeed to be almost impossible even for a real poet to write a decently good poem about contemporary wars. The great social and intellectual movement which produced the wars of the French Revolution produced, in another direction, a great outburst of poetical genius in England. The poets would naturally, it might be thought, have derived their inspiration, or at least have taken their texts, from the history that was being acted round them. The fact was quite different. Two or three lyrics by Campbell are almost the only tolerably successful attempts to perform the poet's proverbial function of immortalizing heroes. The worst poem that either Sir Walter Scott or any one else ever wrote was the result of his rash attempt to describe the battle of Waterloo. If the Duke of Wellington's escape from oblivion had depended upon the poets instead of the daily press, his fame would have been by this time food for the rag-collectors. The task which seems most effectually to damp the most brilliant imagination is that of sitting down and deliberately composing a poem to glorify such victories as the Nile or Waterloo. Such works are peculiarly susceptible to the never-failing blight which affects the official productions of all laureates and authors of prize poems. Perhaps the mere magnitude of the subject, and the serious interests involved, cause a fatal hesitation in the writer. The founder of a well-known University poetical prize appears to have thought that solemnity of subject would naturally call forth genius; and he accordingly directed that the competing exercises should treat of the "attributes and perfections of the Supreme Being until the subject was exhausted," after which, heaven, hell, death, and other sacred themes were to be selected. Although it appears from the titles of the later poems that all these subjects are considered to have been "exhausted," we are not aware that any permanent contributions to literature have been called forth by the competition. If the depression of spirits caused by the mere contrast between the apparently trivial occupation of making rhymes, and the apparently important one of killing and being killed, be not a sufficient explanation of the poverty of this class of poetry, the want of spontaneous energy of authorship may account for it. The poet's mind has become, not a springing well, but a pump; verses made to order are very apt, whatever their subject, to be verses with the sting taken out.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if the American war has not yet given rise to any very startling display of poetical talent. The two or three poems which appear to have become popular must owe their celebrity to some quality utterly inappreciable by the European reader. Everybody knows that John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, although his soul is a-marching on. The statement has a strange half-humorous grimness which is not unimpressive, though no one would have guessed, from looking at it, that it formed a complete stanza in a poem. The verses which follow have an indefinite number of variations, and may probably be extemporized without much fear of offending the taste of the audience. The most popular ones consist of the assertions that "he's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord," that "John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back," that "his pet lambs will meet him on the way," and that "they" (apparently the pet lambs) "will hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree;" each verse being followed by the chorus about his (John Brown's) soul marching on. The whole production is sung to a Methodist hymn tune, and seems like a fragment of the old Puritan psalmody which has lost rhyme and reason from the uncongenial company it is forced to keep. It is, notwithstanding, the nearest approach to a national air, expressing, as it does, the bitterest kind of fanaticism—that of the extreme Abolitionist party. The counter poem, which appears to have gained the greatest popularity in the South, is the well-known song beginning—

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

We must confess, however, that the Southern spirit appears, on the whole, to considerably better advantage in the field than on paper. It does not seem that a Körner has yet risen amongst them to combine the two, or perhaps his songs have not yet run the blockade. We cannot complain if the embryo poets of the South cannot spare time enough from more engrossing occupations. The two poems of which we have spoken have given rise to innumerable adaptations and parodies. Indignant patriots suggest that, if people must sing about John Brown, they might as well sing sense; and they proceed to supply this desirable quality—generally with the result of destroying the quaintness of the words as they have spontaneously grown up, and substituting the sort of stuff of which third-rate hymns are composed. They make it coherent,

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but also simply stupid. The song of "Maryland, my Maryland" seems to have specially irritated the Northern poets. Although we cannot honestly express a very high opinion of its literary merits, it is doubtless an irritating song to be hummed or sung to your face in Baltimore. Accordingly, if not silenced by more direct means, Northern papers try to turn its flank by supplying words of orthodox Unionist tendency. Thus we have the gentle remonstrance:—

Soldiers called to Washington,
Through Maryland, my Maryland!
True ladies would not spit upon,
In Maryland, my Maryland!
Nor turn up nose as they pass by,
Nor "Northern Sam" or "Mudsills" cry,
Nor "Lincoln's tools" too mean to die,
In Maryland, my Maryland!

This line of argument is pursued through some ten stanzas. We presume that the poet's indignation is a measure rather of his disgust at the original of his parody than of suffering from insults of the nature so delicately described as actually perpetrated by the ladies of Baltimore. Some of the poetry intended to appeal directly to patriotic sentiment descends to a lower order, and partakes of the comic tone or the nigger melody. We find, for example, the elegant chorus, "Co ca che lunk che lunk che lala," &c. &c., appended to a verse about our patriot sires in glory and our sainted Washington; or the President of the Confederate States receives this touching expostulation to a somewhat convivial tune, which has a certain absurd resemblance to the metres of the *Ingoldsby Legends*:—

What shall be found upon history's page?
Jefferson D., Jefferson D.!
When the student explores the republican age?
Jefferson D.!
He will find, as is meet,
That at Judas's feet
You sit in your shame, with the impotent plea,
That you hated the land and the law of the free,
Jefferson D.!

To which the South replies with a little more poetical feeling:—

Oh, they have the finest of musical ears,
Chivalrous C.S.A.!
Yankee Doodle's too vulgar for them, it appears,
Bully for C.S.A.!
The North may sing it and whistle it still,
Miserable U.S.A.!
Three cheers for the South now, boys, with a will!
And groans for the U.S.A.!

To descend a little lower still, we have enthusiastic assertions about Dixie's Land in a variety of more or less nigger-like compositions, of which the most unintelligible perhaps represents most fairly the condition of hopeless muddle of the "contraband" mind. The following incoherent outburst may present, to any one who has the skill to unravel its meaning, the impression made upon the nigger by the struggle raging above him. It is said to be the favourite air of the "contrabands" at Fort Monroe:—

Wake up snakes, pelicans, and Sesh-ners,
Don't yer hear 'um comin'—
Comin' on de run?
Wake up I tell yer! Git up, Jefferson!
Bobolishion's comin'—
Bob-o-lish-i-on!

"Bobolishion" is to the negro a mysterious being, who is expected to wake up snakes, pelicans (why pelicans?), and "Sesh-ners." What is to follow is not so clear.

More ambitious authors of loyal melody take a shorter cut to excellence. Some well-known air is appropriated, and altered with more or less success, to fit the circumstances. One gentleman publishes what he calls a version of the "Marseillaise," the choir of the church to which he was pastor having informed him that they meant to sing it. It seems they carried out their intention on the next "Sabbath" evening, the vast audience joining in the chorus with enthusiasm. We must add, that the worthy pastor gave it such a decidedly religious turn as to make it quite as like a Methodist hymn as it is to the "Marseillaise"—rather awkward subjects for a compromise. A more favourite device for appropriating the necessary frame-work ready made is found in such songs as "Scots, wha hae," or "March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale," both of which are easily "fixed" as our cousins would say, by substituting Jefferson and "Old Hickory" for Bruce and Wallace, the "palmetto state" for Ettrick, &c. Another poem which seems to be considered as specially appropriate is "Excelsior." Thus a sympathetic Yankee describes how "the shades of night were falling fast," &c., when a youth—of course of Southern origin—passed through a village carrying "a banner with the strange device, Skedaddle;" and then, after recounting his tragical death apparently due to an overhasty flight from McClellan, the poet touchingly adds:—

There in the twilight thick and grey,
Considerably played out he lay;
And through the vapour grey and thick
A voice fell like a rocketstick,
Skedaddle!

The worst of this poem is that a trifling alteration will bring it to bear upon the opposite party.

Another large class of the war poetry consists of ballads upon the various most exciting incidents. It is, however, curious to observe how, as the continuance of the war has deadened curiosity and made the reality more terrible, this class of poetry has died

out. The fall of Sumter was celebrated in interminable verses on both sides. The wreck of the *Cumberland*—one of those minor incidents which might be really susceptible of poetical treatment—produced about as many more. Since that time the people have, we suppose, seen too many ships wrecked and too many forts fall to care to read tenth-rate verses about them. There is a Southern song of some merit, which has already appeared in England, called "Stonewall Jackson's Way," which describes, not without spirit, the most picturesque figure that has hitherto appeared in the war. But, for the most part, this poetry on both sides is of the class which fills the spare columns of an English country paper, and which may be spun to an indefinite extent by any one who will lower his mind to it. As a specimen of the prevalent style, it will be perhaps sufficient to quote one stanza out of twenty describing the cruise of the *Santiago de Cuba*:—

Soon after this a steamer came,
It was the *Magnolia*,
With orders for us to proceed
After the *Oreto*.
But they let her in at Mobile,
Or her we should have caught,
And, though inferior in strength,
Our captain would have fought.

We are unable to account for the trifling irregularity in the metre of the first four lines, but the general style is neither better nor worse than that of most of the rhymed narratives of actions by the poets of the period. They are simply the letters of newspaper correspondents, fitted with more or less success into rhyme. Many of the poems, however, referring to the smaller incidents of the war are affecting, in spite of their total want of art, and sometimes in spite of their affectation of art. In a poem by one Forceythe Willson, the author takes leave of all approach to intelligible sense or metre—unless our readers can discover the metre of the following lines:—

Boy Brittan—only a lad—a fair haired boy—sixteen,
In his uniform!
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry—
Boldly bears the Federal fistula—
Into the battle-storm!

But grotesque as the lines are, even beyond the imagination of a Tupper, the death of the unlucky boy afterwards described is so sad a story as not to lose all its effect in the absurdity of the telling, and such subjects for poetry accumulate rapidly. The favourite song all over the States some time ago had for its chorus "When this cruel war is over," and a similar sentiment inspires the best of the popular poetry. There are some incidents in every war which no ingenuity can entirely vulgarize in the telling.

On the whole, the most conspicuous fact about the poetry of the war may be said to be its absence. There is a great deal of verse-making, but scarcely any of the spontaneous song which a whole people adopts as the fit expression of its sentiment. The North, perhaps, is too prosaic, and the South too seriously absorbed in the war. We might have looked to known authors for the supply of something better. There are, in fact, some writers in America whose work shows a more practised hand than the stuff we have been quoting. It is, for example, impossible that the author of the *Biglow Papers* should write without showing a keen sense of humour. But the *Biglow Papers* were one of those hits that seldom bear repetition, and in copying his own work Mr. Lowell has lost some of the fire and vigour of his original. Longfellow has published one or two poems on such incidents as the sinking of the *Cumberland*; but, like Tennyson's Ode on Balaklava, they chiefly go to prove that the writer could not make a trumpet out of a flute. There are a few short pieces by Bryant, Whittier, and others, which are grammatical and of respectable execution, but not the sort of poetry that stamps itself upon the memory uncalled for. The nearest approach to really good writing is perhaps made by Mr. O. W. Holmes, who encloses a respectable quantity of fire in really polished verses. As a specimen of the best war-poetry that we have been able to discover, we conclude with two or three stanzas from his "Army Hymn," which, it is said, has gained great popularity. It is to be wished that its sentiment was a little better appreciated:—

O, Lord of Hosts, Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free,
To die for her is serving Thee.

God of all nations, Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee!

POLITICAL CONVIVIALITIES.

PEOPLE who have a fancy for hunting out the subtler and more remote properties of objects would find a suitable employment in trying to discover the exact connexion between Conservatism and conviviality. Why is it that, once or twice a week

during the recess, the Conservative newspapers have to report a triumphant banquet, while their Liberal rivals never seem to get anything more exhilarating than a meeting of a member and his constituents, or—that most appalling of all festivities—a Mechanics' Institution *soirée*? The smallest local Conservative Association contrives to have at least one grand dinner a year, besides little anniversaries of electioneering triumphs too numerous to mention. If we take into account also the preliminary rehearsals of the great event which the executive committees on such occasions always feel it their bounden duty to perform, the total amount of Conservative eating and drinking must be stupendous. Yet one never hears of a Financial Reform Association, or a Ballot Society, or a National Reform Union rising to the height of one of those sublime demonstrational banquets which the *Standard* looks upon as among the most significant and gratifying political facts of the time. We may be rather at a loss to see what a large and rough dinner-party signifies; but the fact that within a fortnight six hundred persons at Hastings, and two hundred persons at Torquay, have assembled to eat and drink on strictly Conservative principles, is indisputable. No doubt such entertainments are gratifying, or they would not be persevered in. As a rule, grand public demonstrations in the provinces combine the most charming features of a farmers' ordinary, a commercial travellers' dinner, and a Guildhall banquet. The dishes are composed or constructed to suit the wants of the *dura messorum ilia*. The service is conducted on the admirable British maxim of self-help. The wine is most emphatically the wine of the country, and the following morning one awakens to an entirely new phase of the Conservative reaction. But your indigestion and mental depression are not shared by the local managers, who are more accustomed to these "significant and gratifying" triumphs. The memory for pleasures and pains is not very strong in the best of men; and probably, when the time has come round for another triumph, the same set of victims are prepared and eager to deck the procession. Perhaps the true explanation of the delight with which the promoters regard a successful banquet is that it is in the nature of a test. He who dines votes. The man who will go through the ordeal of a banquet will not flinch at the polling-booth. Nobody would consent to pay a guinea for the privilege of eating a bad dinner, drinking bad wine, and hearing silly speeches, who was not prepared to go through fire and water for his party. Still there is a danger in this, as in every other severe trial. The staunchness of the voter may give way before the painful reminiscences of the diner. In a moment of vindictive dyspepsia begotten by one of these painfully indigestible "triumphs," the truest of Blues might desert his colours and plump for the Yellow.

Judicious apprehensions of such disastrous results may possibly account for that almost total abstinence from public gormandizing which so notoriously marks all provincial Liberalism. The speeches at Torquay last week, and at Hastings the week before, were enough to make any Conservative with the least tendency to spleen rush into the camp of the enemy. To have to dine at the Old Blue Boar, or the Montpellier, or wherever the head-quarters of the Torquay Conservatives may be, along with a few hundred other persons, and with "sixty or eighty ladies lending animation and grace to the scene," must be trying enough in itself. Why on earth should a man, because he is a Conservative and a brother, be dragged away to eat his dinner in a scene of animation? The animation is borrowed, according to the reporter's own account, and even if it were genuine it would not be much less objectionable. The most Conservative of physiologists must admit that excitement during and after dinner is infinitely deleterious, and even grace and animation will not compensate for the combined evils of unwholesome fare and the inflated rhetoric which may be expected from Devonshire port. To be forced to dine in a "scene" is extremely unpleasant under any circumstances; but it must have been exceptionally painful, when one ought to have been quietly digesting, to have to listen to such statements as that "it must be borne in mind that public bodies were powerless unless supported by the opinion and intelligence of the country," or that it is the business of the Opposition "to take care equal justice should be administered to all, and that no undue preference should be given to any class; that the rights of all should be maintained, the interests of all, in their various departments, be promoted." Would the affair have been less triumphant if the Devonshire Conservatives had been allowed to get through their dessert without the accompaniment of a host of such extraordinarily diluted platitudes as these? The Earl of Devon's very innocent talk about equal justice being administered to "all" was rather awkwardly illustrated by Sir Lawrence Palk's unnecessary assertion that the Church must be defended, "even though some of its institutions should be oppressive to a small minority of the community." In other words, taking Sir Lawrence Palk's own ground, although we are to do justice equally to all, this does not by any means prevent us from oppressing a few. At a "triumph" it is always a safe rule to stick to honest platitudes. Platitudes may bore people very horribly, it is true, but they do not lead to any inconsistency, or to anything compromising. For example, nobody can quarrel with the Earl of Devon's quite harmless theory, though set forth at merciless length, that the object of Conservative associations is "to maintain, foster, and diffuse the love and spirit of attachment to the institutions which the country had grown under." And, next to a platitude, a joke is the most efficient instrument for promoting hilarity at these so-called festive gatherings. A few

truly great geniuses, like Lord Palmerston, know how to handle the platitude and the joke with equal skill. But at Torquay they understand the principle of the division of labour, and while the Earl of Devon took the part of leading gentleman, Mr. Kekewich, with equal success, undertook the light comic business. The joker was quite up to the mark of the platinarian, and it would be difficult to decide from which of the two the more rational part of the audience must have suffered most severely. The combination was enough to make the best Conservative in Devonshire a Radical for the rest of his days.

Unhappily, the Liberals are just as much afflicted in their own way. They do not have banquets, but they have demonstrations of another kind. The most Liberal of members of Parliament will insist on going through a process which he chooses to call rendering an account of his stewardship; and the local managers on the Liberal side are just as anxious to get you to hear a prosy orator talk like a very second-rate leading article, as the Conservatives are to get you to help to eat a "triumphal banquet." There is always a number of small local magnates to whom occasions of this sort are the most delicious moments in life. The true Briton is never so proud as when he is invited to take the chair. To be the chairman of a local political meeting is as encouraging an aspiration to the local "swell" as the hope of being Lord Chancellor is to an exceedingly young barrister. The next best thing to taking the chair is to have to propose or second something. The skilful promoter of a provincial meeting always takes care to be provided with plenty of resolutions. A proposes that B do take the chair on this occasion, C seconds it, D supports it and puts it to the meeting. B returns thanks. The member's account of his stewardship is seldom allowed to begin before some five or six busybodies have proposed, seconded, and supported a couple of motions; and then, after the account is rendered, three more people put a vote of confidence in the member. Then thanks are returned by the member, who proposes a vote of thanks to the chairman, which two or three others support, and before the end of the evening probably not less than a score of persons have made little speeches. Unless the member is unpopular, and some diversion arises from a disaffected elector baiting his unhappy representative, a sensible man passes an evening of sheer misery. At a banquet things are a little less wretched, because the cup which does not cheer but does inebriate acts as a partial anodyne to the listener, while it invigorates the speaker. Sometimes the meeting of a Radical Association is more varied. The promoters occasionally whisper that an eloquent working man will propose a resolution, much in the same way as the promoter of a banquet might encourage one by saying that there was to be real French wine on the table. In the one case we are sure to get the odious product known as "Gladstone" claret, and in the other we are favoured with a windy exposition of the rights of man, and the glories of universal suffrage, and all the other items of what promises to be some day known as "Gladstone" politics. One effect must be as gratifying to the Conservative as the other is to the Liberal. On the whole, however, it must be confessed that the Liberal has the best of it. He is allowed to dine peacefully at home, without any scene of grace and animation; and when he returns, after undergoing his penance, his mind is not disturbed with apprehensions for the morrow. But uneasy lies the head that has returned from a Conservative banquet in a country town, and sadder and wiser does it rise the morrow morn.

The truth seems to be that these demonstrations and great banquets, whether got up by Liberals or Conservatives, are chiefly devised with the object of making a little local excitement, and conferring a little local glorification on those most prominently concerned. The triumphant annual gathering is scarcely a more "significant and gratifying" political fact than the hunt ball or the county cricket-match. Any excuse serves, in country towns, for getting a number of neighbours together, with the indistinct notion that they are enjoying themselves. Life would be too stagnant to go on at all were it not for these entertainments. There is certainly not much downright pleasure in the entertainments themselves. The county ball is generally stiff and dull, and most of the people there appear to have had to come ten or twenty miles through the snow. The company at the theatre is fifth-rate, but it draws for lack of something better. And the great annual banquet of a political association is commonly as stupid as the ball, and the orators as fifth-rate as the theatricals, but it creates a slight stir in the local pool. This being the case, it is almost a pity that spurious notions of the fitness of things forbid the Conservatives to ask their Liberal enemies or friends to join them in their banquets. The fact would then indeed be significant and gratifying, and nobody would think any the less of the political force of such gatherings in consequence of their mixed composition. As for the second purpose which a banquet or the more ascetic platform meeting serves, it might well be dispensed with. The small fry who take upon themselves to select a candidate for their party, and, after they have got him in, worry him to death with requests, and remonstrances, and representations of what they conceive to be the interests of the place, constitute a nuisance which ought to be as persistently abated as possible. Anything which encourages their self-importance is very bad for themselves, and much worse for everybody else. It is a great comfort, after all, to think that the recess is very nearly at an end, and that people will have something better to think and write about than insignificant country banquets.

THE TEACHING OF LANGUAGES.

THE recent advances in Comparative Philology, which the Lectures of Professor Max Müller have done more than anything else to bring before the English public, ought to cause a revolution in the manner of teaching languages, above all in the manner of teaching modern languages. To work a reform of this kind is their natural and direct practical result, and, though such a reform will have many difficulties to struggle against, it is hardly conceivable that it should not take place sooner or later. The moment the thing is rightly understood, it will be seen to be so infinitely for the advantage of both teacher and learner that it must make its way in the end. To teach languages scientifically instead of unscientifically is simply to make that easy and interesting which is otherwise apt to be difficult and repulsive. There is nothing to oppose the reform except mere prejudice, mere *vis inertiae*, and the vested interests of incompetent teachers. These are undoubtedly very serious obstacles; the mere unreasonableness of an opposition commonly makes it only the more obstinate. But they are obstacles which are not in their own nature unconquerable, and we do not despair of seeing them one day give way. The thing wants only to be clearly set forth and fairly listened to for any capacity not below the average to take it in. The chief prejudice to be fought against is the notion that a scientific treatment of a subject is "harder" than an unscientific one. It is in truth incomparably easier. People are afraid of a novel treatment of any subject, because they are most likely called upon to learn some new technical terms, to clothe some old ones with new meanings, and to use both classes carefully and precisely instead of at random. There is no real difficulty in doing this, though it undoubtedly requires a greater intellectual exertion than an unscientific method. That is, it substitutes thought for mere memory; it substitutes terms with a strictly defined meaning for terms which are little better than arbitrary sounds; it allows no means of escape for ignorance under cover of formulae to which neither teacher nor learner really attaches any meaning. But all this is not to make things harder but easier, because it is to make them more intelligible and more interesting. And it is an utter mistake to suppose that a scientific way of looking at things is necessarily a sort of afterthought, unsuited to a child or a beginner of any kind. The truth is exactly the contrary; the scientific way is really the simple way. We do not of course assert that a child of eight or nine could understand Professor Müller's Lectures as they stand. But this we do assert, that the main substance of the strictly philological parts of Professor Müller's Lectures can be thrown into a form in which it can be perfectly understood by a child of eight or nine, and that the child who does understand it will learn his Latin, Greek, French, or German far more easily and more pleasantly than the child who does not understand it.

The difference between scientific and unscientific treatment of language, or indeed of anything else, mainly consists in observing likenesses and unlikenesses, in classifying them, and in tracing the facts back to their causes. It is a clear and rational method instead of a confused and arbitrary method. It does not burden the memory with arbitrary technicalities, but uses every word employed in a sense at once clear and accurate. As far as may be, it gives the reason for everything. Of course there are cases in which this is impossible. Even Geometry has its postulates and axioms, which we are required to believe without being able to prove them. It is therefore no blame to Philology that it has its postulates and axioms also. Philology cannot say why the root *Vid* should mean to see or know; but if thus much is granted, everything else that is wanted follows. It cannot say why certain nations fail to pronounce certain sounds, and other nations to pronounce other sounds, but when the fact is once admitted, it can group all the results of the fact in their proper relations to each other. Professor Müller gives a plausible explanation of the secondary phenomena of Grimm's Law, but no one can explain the primary phenomena. He tells us the results produced on the pronunciation of other letters by the fact that Latin has no sound answering to *ð* or *p*, but he cannot tell us why a Roman, like a modern High German, found a difficulty in uttering a sound which to a Greek or an Englishman is perfectly easy. Comparative Philology, in short, tells us as much about its own matter as any other science can tell us and no more. A scientific treatment of that matter ranges the secondary phenomena in their proper relations under the primary phenomena. In an unscientific treatment, the facts, even if accurately given, are not put in any rational relation to one another; each fact is dealt with as isolated from other facts, or, at best, the grouping is something purely arbitrary and empirical.

Let us explain our meaning by examples. We will first show what we mean by scientific and unscientific treatment of the history of a whole language, and then give some examples of the same difference in points of detail. Let it be required to write a short history of the English language. An unscientific person would write a confused chaos about Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and what not; he would talk about words "derived from the Saxon," and words derived from the Latin; he might go on possibly to talk about "Semi-Saxon" and "Early English," and to talk about English displacing "Saxon" and so forth. A scientific description, very brief, but accurate as far as it goes, would be something like this. "English is a Low-German [better Low-Dutch] dialect, brought into Britain by the Angles and Saxons. Its grammar, its forms of words, the most necessary parts of its vocabulary, still remain strictly Teutonic. But its vocabulary has

received a very small Celtic infusion from the conquered Welsh, and a very large Latin infusion, partly from the gradual effects of the Norman Conquest, partly from later influences. The loss of most of its inflexions, a process common to it with the other most closely allied languages, has been both hastened and rendered more complete through the same causes." This, we conceive, is a clear and accurate statement of the case, leaving out nothing that is absolutely essential to a correct view of the matter, though of course requiring many things to be supplied and amplified. And we venture to think that such a description is really easier to understand than the usual vague talk. Of course it requires every word that is used to be used in one precise and clearly defined sense; but where is the hardship of this? Such a description puts the facts in their true relations to one another; it avoids any confusion between derivatives and cognates; it puts forth the difference between a mere infusion, however vast in extent, and the native essence of a language; it wholly avoids the common confusion about the supplanting or displacement of languages by one another. What we mean is this. The English of the eighth or ninth century is no longer intelligible to Englishmen. The provincial Latin spoken at the same time in Gaul, Spain, or Italy is no longer intelligible to a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or an Italian. But "English" never displaced "Anglo-Saxon," French never displaced Latin. There was no moment when French and English, as wholes, displaced Latin and "Anglo-Saxon." The younger form grew out of the elder, and changed in the process till the difference became so great that the elder form ceased to be intelligible. This is a totally different process from real displacement—a process which has also gone on upon a large scale both in Gaul and Britain. English has largely supplanted Welsh and Cornish. French has largely supplanted Basque, Breton, and German. In all these cases there was a real displacement. The substitution of English for Cornish began when the first native Cornishman spoke English only; the substitution ended when the last Cornish-speaking person—Dolly Pentreath or anybody else—died, and the language with her. No doubt this process is very gradual, but it quite differs from the other process. It is a process not of growth, but of conquest; it is not that one thing is gradually developed out of or is changed into another, but that one whole ready-made thing gradually drives another whole ready-made thing out of the field. And this process of supplanting or displacement goes on with kindred as well as with foreign dialects. The literary English has largely supplanted various local forms of Teutonic; the literary French has largely supplanted various local forms of Romance. People gradually leave off speaking Provençal and Lowland Scotch, and speak French or English instead. This, though happening between kindred languages, is the same process by which English supplanted Cornish, not the process by which modern English was developed out of the primitive form of the tongue.

Now surely all this, if clearly and simply put, is perfectly easy to understand, and to look at the history of a language in this way must make it far more attractive than it can be made by the usual vague and confused way of describing things. Let us now take a case in detail. We hold—and we speak from experience—that a child, when learning any language, should be taught from the beginning so much of Grimm's Law as is applicable to the languages which he learns. A child learns German, and is told that *Tochter* is "German for" daughter; he learns Greek, and he is told that *θυγάτηρ* is "Greek for" daughter. Put so, these are arbitrary bits of information, to be remembered by a mere process of memory. A quick child may find out for himself that *Tochter* and *daughter* are the same; but it is very unlikely that any child will see for himself that *daughter* and *θυγάτηρ* are the same; and it is utterly impossible that any child should see for himself that *κῆνος* and *hound* are the same. But the law of formation is perfectly simple. Show the child that *Θεράτῃς*, *ToCHTeR*, *DauGHTEr* are really the same sounds, that they are composed of essentially the same letters; show that the law which rules the initial letters of *θυγάτηρ*, *Tochter*, *daughter* rules the initial letters of *θύρ*, *Thür*, *deer*, of *θύρα*, *Thüre*, *door*; and the thing is no longer a matter of mere memory; it is a matter of reasoning and comparison. That such explanations make the learning of a language incomparably more interesting no man can doubt. Children to whom a mere grammar lesson is no more attractive than to other children will listen to a lesson in Comparative Philology with almost the interest of a story.

The importance of bringing in Comparative Philology in all teaching of languages comes out most strongly in the case of modern languages. Greek and Latin, imperfectly as they are often taught, are still commonly taught so as to supply some training, to call forth some powers of thought. But the teaching of modern languages is commonly wholly empirical; it has no object but that of learning to speak and write the dialect which may be fashionable at the moment. A student of Greek is taught several forms of the language; he learns Greek as it was spoken at several different ages and by several different branches of the Greek nation. A certain amount of Comparative Philology is thereby almost forced upon him. But the student of French or German is kept strictly to the fashionable speech of the day. Let it be granted that Paris answers to Athens, all that answers to Homer, Herodotus, or Pindar is put aside as unclean. It is "bad French," "patois," "jargon," not to be touched with a pair of tongs. German is taught without any hint of its relations to English; French is taught without any hint of its relations to

Latin. Let modern languages be taught scientifically, let Grimm's Law be brought into play upon every available word, and the study is not only made far more easy and far more attractive; the study, as a study, is distinctly raised; it is brought nearer to the level of the study of ancient languages. Professor Müller points out the special importance of the Romance languages as showing the working out, in an historical period, of the same process by which the earlier Aryan tongues themselves were formed. Provençal, Spanish, Italian, French, Romansch, and Wallachian are to Latin what Sanscrit, Greek, Teutonic, and the rest, are to the primitive Aryan speech. From what we see with our own eyes we may infer more freely what happened in the prehistoric times, just as the legends of Arthur and Charles, which we can test, give us the key to the legend of Agamemnon which we cannot test. Looked at in this way, the study of modern languages acquires a new importance and a new interest. The only difficulty is the practical one of overcoming vicious traditions and shaking the dull repose of incompetent teachers. But the thing will be done sooner or later. The introduction of the scientific study of language in our century is as distinct an advance as the restoration of ancient literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The new discovery has yet to make its way, but it will make it. We cannot doubt that the time will come when an unscientific etymology will be felt to be as disgraceful to any one pretending to scholarship as a false concord or a false quantity is now.

OUTRAGED PROTESTANT FEELING.

IT was hardly to be expected that the discussion as to the precise relations between Miss Eliza McDermot and the Fathers of the Oratory should end with its disappearance from the Police Court. The conclusion at which most sensible people had arrived, even before the publication of Father Dalgairns' letter, was too commonplace and unromantic for a large portion of the British public. The theological clairvoyants whose eyes have acquired the power of seeing through any number of Popish millstones will not easily content themselves with believing that Father Bowden has done a harmless act in a very questionable way; nor will they be satisfied with drawing the moral that Mr. Selfe is more to be admired when he keeps within his jurisdiction than when he exceeds it. For more than a week, accordingly, the "Protestant Electoral Union"—represented by its chairman, Colonel Brockman—has been trying its hand at unravelling a non-existent mystery; and if its success has not been quite equal to its expectations, the failure cannot fairly be attributed to any deficiency of zeal or enthusiasm. It was obvious that the first step to be taken was to rehabilitate the character of Mrs. McDermot, and perhaps the fact of her nationality contributed to render this a peculiarly easy operation. We can readily imagine that, as soon as it was known in the neighbourhood that a military gentleman was anxious to hear something good of the "Widdy McDermot," testimonies of the most appropriate and favourable kind flocked in from all quarters. Still, general evidence as to character was hardly sufficient to get rid of the fact of an actual conviction, and the undaunted Colonel next set himself to explain this rather awkward circumstance. Of course so good a woman could only have been convicted on a false charge, and it was therefore requisite to discover who could have had a motive for inventing one. This step in the process offered no serious difficulties. A single day's investigation was enough to establish that for seven years this heroic female has been waging a single-handed warfare with the Brompton Oratory, and that during all this time her liberty has been in daily peril "on account of her Protestant tendencies." If Father Bowden entertained, at the time when the contest commenced, any idea of an ultimate abduction, it can only be said that "when yet the rose was in the bud he too foretold the perfect flower," for the Helen about whom the war now rages was then only nine years old. We are next informed that Mrs. McDermot was convicted on the false statement of a police inspector, "not even made in the hearing of the accused"—a departure from the ordinary principles of criminal jurisprudence which can only be attributed to the noxious influence of foreign priestcraft. The condition in which the children were found unfortunately rests on the evidence of the magistrate's own observation; but no one who knows the personal habits of the Popish clergy can entertain a moment's doubt that this is to be laid to the charge of the priest by whom they were visited, and there is little question that the vermin of which mention is made in the police report were supplied direct from the Brompton Oratory during Mrs. McDermot's absence, with the view of securing an unrighteous condemnation of a cleanly and Protestant mother. But to such implacable malignity as is here displayed seven days' hard labour would be a very inadequate gratification. They aimed at removing their victim altogether from their path, and there is "reason to believe that it can be proved that a priest of the Brompton Oratory endeavoured to suborn evidence in order to consign her to a madhouse." Cardinal Wiseman has, it appears, been informed of this fact, and yet the priest in question "retains an influential position in the Oratory." The conspiracy has thus been traced to the highest Roman Catholic authority in England, and we have little doubt that the chairman of the Association will soon be in a position to supply the missing link, and to connect the persecution of Mrs. McDermot with Pius IX. himself.

But what, we are tempted to ask, has the *Morning Advertiser*

been doing at this great crisis of the Protestant faith? We cannot exactly say that the watchman has been slumbering at his post, for he has contributed one article to the momentous debate, which is instinct with all his former vigour and redolent of his accustomed spirit; but we miss the flood of correspondence which would once have filled the pious columns of that most religious journal at such a moment as this. Whether Protestantism has been lately coquetting with total abstinence, and now declines to countenance a newspaper with licensed victualling proclivities, or whether unpaid correspondents prefer to appeal to a wider public than can be reached by a high-priced organ, we are unable to say; but it is quite evident that, at any rate in this instance, the *Advertiser* must give place to the *Telegraph* as the favourite mouthpiece of outraged Protestant sensibility. For more than a week past the latter journal has daily contributed something forcible and appropriate in the way of "disclosures" or "suggestions." "An English Clergyman" writes to recount the experiences of a young Roman Catholic widow, who "has been led to see that the ancient Catholic faith is not in accordance with modern Romanism," and for whose respectability he is prepared to vouch on the unimpeachable ground of her "residing in the district over which he has charge." She was an inmate of a convent for sixteen years, but during all that time she could never be brought to "believe that some of the nuns required to confess to five or six priests in one day." It was fortunate that her own wants in this respect were less exorbitant, or they would probably, in default of a large importation of ecclesiastics from foreign countries, have had to go unsatisfied. But the real character of the system is best shown by the details of her escape from her prison-house. "A legal gentleman" calls upon her one day "to inquire why she has signed her property away," and when the object of his visit becomes known to her superiors she is ordered to write a letter, stating her willingness to go wherever they may send her. "Fearing Belgium or Italy, she retired in an agony of mind to her cell, and prayed to God for direction." She then writes the required letter, but suggests that it would be convenient "not to be removed from the neighbourhood, as the legal gentleman who had visited her told her that it would be necessary for him to see her again." Upon this she "received intimation that in two hours she must leave the convent for good." Could anything be more heartless than this commonplace dismissal? If there had been even a pretence of imposing any restraint on her movements, it would have been more endurable; but what female temper could stand being turned out like a servant, at a moment's warning, without any excuse for an application to her legal acquaintance, or a single loophole for persuading herself that her gaoles had any desire to retain her? We cannot imagine any more convincing proof of the utter heartlessness of the conventual system. And such is its "extraordinary williness," that "she has never been able to obtain her property." Indeed, the whole legal profession seems on this point to be leagued against her. "Even the best legal advice recommends the utmost caution in the matter." Evidently all the authorities, both in law and equity, are merely playing into the hands of the priests, and we can now appreciate the necessity of the *Advertiser's* warning, that it is only the parochial authorities who can deal effectually with this subtle enemy. Nothing will avail here but the beadle's cocked hat. That is the one symbol before which Rome hangs its head, and a cunning priesthood retires detected and dismayed. And if the inspection of convents were made a part of this official's duty, there would evidently be no want of a constant supply of fit persons to fill the office. One young gentleman writes expressly to offer himself for the appointment. "Often has the Quixotic spirit tingled to his very toes," and fervently does he pray that it would "please some power to delegate him a crusader in such a holy war." His one wish, it seems, is to collect the nuns together, and to "read Queen Victoria's special proclamation for their liberty to such as choose then and there to return to freedom and 'life.'" It is certainly a pity that all this pious energy should lie unused and wasted, and the obvious remedy is for the Boards of Guardians throughout the kingdom to appoint this knight-errant their special commissioner, and authorize him to show something of "life" to every British nun who is not so advanced in years as to make the process disagreeable to the enthusiastic candidate for the post.

If we may venture to recommend a little caution and calculation in this matter, we will point out one or two considerations which seem to have escaped the notice of these pious agitators. Granting that a system of authorized convent inspection is in itself a desirable thing, it does not seem to have occurred to them that inspection implies recognition. If convents are to be open to the visits of the appointed authorities, there must be some regular means of ascertaining what a convent is. In other words, must be formally registered as such, and it remains to be seen how far this amount of official recognition would gratify a Protestant public. Nor does it seem the surest way of obtaining this to rouse all the keenest feelings of the Roman Catholic laity into lent opposition to such a scheme. It would be as well, too, to in mind that the majority of the ladies whose position is canvassed with such amiable candour are provided with fathers or brothers, and, incredible as it may seem, the Roman Catholic gentry of England are perhaps quite as sensitive to the honour and happiness of their daughters and sisters as the proudest members of that Protestant aristocracy which is so fittingly represented by the correspondents of the *Telegraph*. Papists are but men, and they will scarcely feel gratified by the insinuation that nothing but the

intervention of Protestant officials can save their female relatives from leading lives of gross immorality under the pretext of religious seclusion. And if the persons for whose benefit we are writing were likely to listen to common sense, we might remind them that the irrevocable character of a nun's ordinary vows may very easily be exaggerated. There are at this moment ladies mixing in Roman Catholic society—not perhaps with an increased reputation for devotion, but certainly without any loss of character or position—who have been for years members, and even superiors, of religious communities, which they have left to return to the world. And, putting this aside, it is not probable that, except in the very rare case of a nun becoming a Protestant, an effective desire to break the conventual vow can be at all of common occurrence. Doubtless there may be many women who regret that they have ever entered a convent, and who are conscious that their doing so was a mistake, just as there are many women who regret that they ever married their husbands, and who feel that they would have been wiser if they had remained single. But in both cases the conviction that what they have done is irremediable, and that they cannot now change their position without violating their own sense of duty and forfeiting the good opinion of their friends, will ordinarily be amply sufficient to prevent these regrets from exercising any influence over their actions. An official inspection of all the homes in which husbands and wives are not living very happily together would not make any appreciable increase in the number of formal separations; and an official inspection of convents would create a vast amount of soreness and ill-feeling, without probably restoring to the world a single discontented nun.

MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

THE constant recurrence of difficulties between workmen and their employers is certainly to be lamented. It may even be called disheartening by those sanguine persons who put faith in the efficacy of preaching. The various prophets of Political Economy have been prophesying for the last half-century on the evils produced by strikes. They might as well have declaimed against the habit of eating and drinking, so far as the acceptance of their doctrines by the persons most interested is concerned. And, indeed, such doctrines require to be enforced by the more telling arguments of experience. It is ill reasoning with an angry man. If a workman thinks he has a chance of raising his wages, even for a time, he will hardly be influenced by the somewhat remote consequences pointed out by speculative philosophers. The propositions of political economy require long periods and extensive districts to be taken into consideration, for the tendencies which they investigate only become conspicuous when their action is observed over a wide area. They are liable, in confined spaces, to be over-ridden and masked by special circumstances. Thus it may be true that, in the long run, strikes cannot raise wages, because they diminish the fund from which wages are drawn. But it may be also true that, in particular cases, they may enable workmen to grasp at least a momentary advantage with rapidity. It is true, again, that workmen and masters have ultimately a common interest in the increase of capital. But it is, unfortunately, not the less true that at every particular moment their interests are diametrically opposed. They are opposed as the interest of a seller is necessarily opposed to that of a buyer. Now people have an unfortunate habit, not unnoticed by moralists, of looking to the present moment rather than to future consequences. It follows that workmen too often stand to their employers in a position of active or incipient war.

So long as the war is carried on by fair means, we have no right to complain. When workmen try to blow each other up with infernal machines, a system of disgraceful terrorism should be sternly suppressed; but so long as the combatants use only recognised weapons, they must be left to fight it out till they are tired. The rest of society must be content with strict adherence to the principles of non-intervention. Voluntary combination amongst the men is legal and unavoidable, though it may, of course, be met by corresponding combination amongst the masters. One effect of such organization on each side is to intensify the obstinacy and bitterness of the struggle. Things may perhaps come round ultimately to the same point as would have been reached if neither party had combined at all; and, after a fearful waste of time and capital, the final terms are frequently those which would have been reached without a contest. In other words, both parties are apt to act as foolishly as two countries when they go to war. It would be as hopeless to recommend a disuse of the practice as to recommend the nations of Europe to disband their armies, and cease to build iron-clads. Without wasting words in general condemnation of the practice, we may, however, condemn the policy of the particular measures adopted. An attempt simply to alter the rate of wages must be judged, in each case, on its own merits. The chief element in the decision is the probability of success. Such questions are generally uninteresting, except in so far as they involve a certain amount of avoidable suffering. When, however, an attempt is made by one of the belligerent parties to destroy their opponents' power of combination, a principle of more importance is involved. This is going to the root of the matter. The war has become internecine, and not a mere struggle for boundary. The point now in dispute in the building trade seems to be of this nature. The masters insist upon what is called a discharge-note.

They combine, that is, to declare that they will engage no workman who has not received a kind of passport from his former employer. The note may, of course, be refused upon any ground that seems sufficient to the master. It will practically be refused to any one who has been engaged in a strike. The masters say, in effect, that, if a man has committed this unpardonable sin, he shall not be able to find work within any part of their dominions. If their combination is sufficiently powerful, he will be excluded from working at his trade anywhere within the kingdom. If he is a skilled labourer, he may be thrown upon the parish for support. He will be an outcast and a pariah amongst builders. So far as in them lies, they will effect, by voluntary regulations, what might be the aim of a stringent law against combination. They will make it ruinous for any one to be guilty of complicity in the heinous offence of a strike. The practical effect might, indeed, be even more stringent. The master is necessarily a judge in his own cause. He might refuse a note to any one who displeased him, whether the displeasure were due to any trivial cause or not. The result would be much as if no one were to employ a domestic servant without a good character, and as if, at the same time, the servant had no right to demand a character. All attempt at combination on the part of the workmen would be cut up by the roots. The rate of wages would be left to settle itself under a new set of conditions, from which the power of the workmen to combine would be excluded. Now we need hardly repeat that, in strictness, no one has a right to complain of this, or of any other step on the part of the employers. If they can obtain the terms which they desire, their success will not injure other classes of the community. Nevertheless, it still remains a question whether they are likely to succeed, and whether their success will be beneficial to themselves. On both these points it seems very doubtful whether they have selected a judicious line of attack. The attempt to impose a test of such stringency will naturally call out the bitterest opposition of the workmen. If the inverse regulation were proposed by the labourers—if they were to refuse to work for any master upon whom the Union would not confer a licence—the indignation at such an attempt at dictation would be, doubtless, intense. It may serve as some measure of the bitterness now produced by the converse course of action. The men will probably fight to the last to resist a blow aimed at the vital principle of their defensive system, and we may expect all the certain evils of a doubtful contest. Both parties must suffer severely before a treaty of peace can be signed. Whatever the terms of that treaty may be, it can scarcely end in a conclusive victory for the masters. The obnoxious note would itself be a point of attack for the workmen, when they had again gained strength enough for a struggle. It could hardly fail to be oppressive in practice. The workmen have before now fought, with some success, for alterations in the hours of work. They would, on another occasion, have to preface further operations by an assault on this preliminary outwork. The scene of the conflict would be removed to a more distant point, but the conflict would hardly be succeeded by a genuine pacification. So long as the new plan was successful, all opposition would be suppressed; but it might ultimately tend as much to consolidate as to disarm the hostile elements, and to substitute a more general, though distant, struggle for a series of petty conflicts. It would be an attempt at establishing an authority so irksome as to insure a revolt. The best way of securing a violent explosion is to screw down the explosive materials as tightly as possible.

For once, the general sympathy of disinterested persons seems to be on the side of the workmen, and it is to be hoped that the masters will withdraw from their false position before the contest has definitively begun. The dispute meanwhile calls attention to some of those plans which seek to remove the deeply-seated cause of irritation. The quarrel generally results from the attempt of both parties to appropriate the whole benefits of an improved trade, or to cast upon each other the whole loss of a declining one. A remedy might be perhaps devised to effect an equitable distribution in each case. The most thorough-going remedy would be a practicable system of co-operation. The success of such associations as the Rochdale Pioneers has rendered hopes legitimate which but a few years ago would have been visionary. The name of co-operation, now enjoying so much popularity, has been appropriated to many schemes which have very little in common with their professed models. The first development of the principle which obtained considerable results was the Co-operative Store. This, of course, merely seeks to supplant the system of retail dealing; it enables the members of the association to buy the best goods cheaply; it affords motives for saving, and has many and great collateral advantages. But it is not in itself any precedent of success in speculative undertakings. The transactions which it involves are all of a simple kind, and require only ready-money dealing. The association secures a certain demand for its goods amongst its own members; but the difficulties which political economists have constantly pointed out continue to apply to associations which endeavour to join in the general competition of trade. The individual manufacturer has manifest advantages over any association of workmen, which additional zeal can only neutralize in special cases. It is true that some success has been obtained even in this more uncertain path. The Rochdale operatives have worked a cotton-mill with sufficiently promising results. But it is evident that such an enterprise requires much higher intelligence than can be looked for in any large body of men. It is only the picked men of the working-classes who can be trusted at

present with affairs whose management requires so much skill and self-command.

A modification of the principle may, perhaps, be within the reach of a larger class. Some attempts have been lately made to introduce a system which imposes a less demand upon the intelligence of the labourer. Thus, in one of the Yorkshire collieries, it has been proposed to found a company, in which the present firm will retain the chief interest, whilst a certain number of the shares are to be held amongst the workmen themselves. When the profit rises beyond a certain amount, a share is to be distributed to the work-people in proportion to their wages. The advantages anticipated are an increased stimulus to an industry carried on under conditions which make close supervision impossible, and an identification to some extent of the interest of employers and labourers in matters of trade. It must, however, be an experiment of a doubtful nature. We have not been accustomed to regard the population of the mining districts as standing on a very high level of intelligence. If the scheme should succeed to any extent, it would be gratifying in proportion to the unfavourable conditions under which it is tried. We only mention its existence as an example of a possible solution of a constantly recurring problem. It may serve to indicate the direction in which an escape from the present difficulties will be ultimately discovered. There are, indeed, few more remarkable and hopeful circumstances than the spontaneous growth, in widely separated districts, of co-operative schemes. The mere fact of their existence implies a growth of intelligence in the classes who have produced them without external prompting. They will doubtless receive many modifications before they spread sufficiently far to leaven the whole lump. Meanwhile, the attempt to carry them into effect is educating those engaged in it up to the pitch of intelligence required. Every new contest between men and masters—of which, it may be feared, we have many in store—will infallibly create misery; it will very generally exhibit a large amount of folly on the part of the men; but, if it prepares them for intelligent and legitimate schemes of co-operation, it will not be without useful results.

RECENT ACCIDENTS.

THE Scotch have had two admirable opportunities since Christmas of indulging their strong national passion for interpreting mishaps as signal Divine judgments. Within a fortnight of each other, two disastrous accidents have taken place, resulting in each case in serious loss of life. At Dundee, nearly a score of people were suffocated in a heap at the bottom of a flight of stairs; and at Edinburgh, last week, half a dozen more were crushed to death under the walls of a burning theatre. Singularly enough, both calamities were marked by circumstances which, according to the old-fashioned Scotch notions about what is pleasing and displeasing to Providence, tend to prove that these frightful accidents were not accidents at all, but signs and judgments. Each mishap arose in connexion with an occasion of public amusement. At Dundee, the crowd was got together by acrobats. At Edinburgh, the fire was caused by the preparations for a pantomime. In the opinion of the true uncorrupted Scot, an acrobat or a harlequin is no better than an imp of Satan; and he will feel little scruple in saying that the poor wretches at Dundee who went to see a man try to break his neck, and began by breaking their own necks, came to a just and providential end. On the familiar theory that all amusements are wicked, and that any taste for them is a relic of the old Adam, the puritanical moral is amply warranted; and, although the seventeen who fell down the steps at Dundee were probably not sinners above other men, their destruction was evidently intended as a warning to the rest of the world who pursue the godless vanities of the flying trapeze and the tight-rope. The catastrophe at Edinburgh does not square quite so neatly with the Covenanter's theory of life. The poor men who were crushed to death by the burning walls are not known to have had any intention of going to the pantomime. They lost their lives in the over-heroic discharge of duty. If the whole theatre had been crowded when the fire broke out, as would have actually occurred if the gasman had postponed his operations for a couple of hours, nearly two thousand persons might have furnished a sublime illustration of the wickedness of going to the play. A stern Covenanter would not, perhaps, have thought such a rebuke to the reprobate and carnal-minded too dearly purchased even at such a cost. As it is, the most fanatical precisian will have to force his logic rather severely to extract the desired lesson from the Edinburgh fire. No doubt, however, a good many attempts will be made to improve the occasion, and it will not be the fault of the Scotch pulpit if people refuse to see the finger of Providence alike in the conflagration of the theatre and in the giving way of the door at Dundee. But the Scotch are, after all, a practical nation, and we cannot help suspecting that some of the shrewder of their divines are likely to regret that the providential interference did not come in a matter where it is more urgently needed than in the theatre. The practice of running trains on the Sabbath is the great tribulation of the Church in Scotland at the present moment. A terrific railway smash—with immense destruction of property, and plenty of people roasted and crushed and scalded, particularly if it happened on a Sunday, and on the North-Eastern line—would be unspeakably convenient in the controversy. Still they will doubtless live in hope and con-

fident expectation of one day receiving this truly comforting intelligence, and meanwhile they must make the best of what they have. It would have been more satisfactory to have had some fearful sign of the wrath of Heaven against the Directors of the North-Eastern and a profligate press, but, in lieu of this, a judgment on clowns and acrobats is better than nothing. Indeed, the mishap at Edinburgh is more than a judgment on *The Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe*. The ruins of the Roman Catholic Chapel which adjoined the theatre will serve to point a Presbyterian moral, and the narrow escape, for the second or third time, of the Vandyck altar-piece is a plain testimony against Popery and idolatry. The scoffer may, indeed, interpret the escape of the picture in another way, and even Roman Catholics may in their turn point to their holy salvage as an evident token of heavenly favour. And this is the unlucky feature of the system of attributing everything that takes place to a special Divine intervention in your favour. Most of these events are susceptible of two contrary interpretations; and, besides this, a sign on one side of a question is very frequently followed by a sign that is unmistakably on the other side. For instance, the judgment on playgoers implied in the destruction of the Edinburgh theatre may be interpreted as, in reality, a judgment in their favour; or else the destruction would not have taken place until seven or eight o'clock, when the house would have been crowded. A special Providence is an uncommonly dangerous ally in theological controversy. Still, a Scotch preacher has a wonderful power of grasping that interpretation of a catastrophe which makes in his own favour, and players and priests will be charitably and gracefully reminded that a red-hot theatre and a blazing cloister are significant emblems of the future Tophet.

It is not necessary to be a Scotch divine to see a warning in the Edinburgh accident. Those who do not regard play-going as a mortal sin may be permitted to feel an equal interest in what, without anything very surprising, might have proved the most appalling of all theatrical catastrophes. The case presents no strikingly exceptional features, and for this very reason it is all the more worthy of remark. If the theatre had been blown up by some puritanical Guy Fawkes in the cellar, there would not have been much reason to apprehend a similar attempt in London, or any other place out of Scotland. The gasman appears to have shown some carelessness, but probably the gasman of a London theatre is, as a rule, equally incautious. It is notorious that constant familiarity with the most dangerous conditions breeds a hardihood which is proof against all apprehension, and therefore itself becomes the gravest element of danger. A bargee will smoke his pipe and cook his victuals in a powder magazine without a touch of nervousness, and a drowsy pointsman sends an express thundering into a shunted luggage train without a qualm. It is preposterous to visit every mishap on the wretched underling who receives fifteen shillings or a pound a week to see that a couple of thousand persons a night are not blown into space, or scorched or crushed to death. Anyhow, if the gasman really has the power to burn the theatre down, and is very likely on some occasion to avail himself of the power, it is well that as many obstacles as possible should be judiciously placed in his way. The proprietors of the Edinburgh theatre, on the contrary, seem to think that the gasman should have every imaginable facility conceded that could be favourable to the destruction of their property. Close over the gas borders hang canvas draperies, and the practice is to light the gas with a long pole with a flaming spirit-of-wine torch at the end. A more admirable device for setting fire to the canvas fringes every night could scarcely have been contrived. And the proprietors or lessee must have enjoyed a sure anticipation that their ingenious and careful preparations for the destruction of their own property must be one day rewarded with the success they had been at so much pains to secure. For it seems that "on several occasions" the draperies had taken fire, and, according to another account, on the present occasion "a similar escape might have been made, had the fireman not thought at first that the alarm was a prank or device to bring him to the theatre, and disregarded it for two or three minutes, and afterwards dropped his knife when he was hastily cutting away the fastenings of the blazing cloth." From this we may infer that the danger of burning the theatre to the ground has been the basis of practical jokes on the fireman. And if the managers themselves had not common sense enough to understand that canvas is combustible, and that a flaming torch is a very good way of setting fire to combustible objects, nor to remember that what has happened once may, under like conditions, happen again, still the fact that "one office at least" had declined the insurance might have aroused them. This refusal to insure the theatre is reported to have been expressly on account of "the want of protection of the top-shifts against fire"—the very circumstance to which the recent accident is due.

It would be a great waste of energy to expose the recklessness with which people who have large numbers of other persons' lives at their disposal regard the chances of the most serious danger. We have not yet had the roasted ballet-girl for the new year, but we fear she is an inevitable adjunct of the pantomime season. No doubt some of the dancers have been already slightly singed; still, when the annual tragedy comes off—and it may be reasonably looked for any day between now and Easter—the manager will assert very solemnly that every conceivable precaution was in use at his theatre. Ten days ago the proprietors of the Edinburgh theatre would have been equally positive in

saying that, under ordinary circumstances, there was no chance of a fire, although the canvas drapery close to the gas was every night before their eyes. In the same way a railway director will not flinch from declaring that a collision on his line is simply impossible, until one train has dashed another into splinters. The truth seems to be that anybody who enters a theatre or a railway carriage is very much in the condition of a man with disease of the heart. He may live fifty years or he may be dead in five minutes. He has placed himself within the operation of causes which act just as if they were completely beyond human control or prevention. We hear an immense deal of talk about the incomparable sacredness of human life, and General Grant has been held up to execration for the masses of men whom he sacrificed to the attainment—or rather to the non-attainment—of his purpose. But we think less of the sacrifices of life which take place nearer home, and without any excuse so good even as General Grant's. If a railway smash raised the dividends, or a burnt theatre increased the manager's profits, something might be said for collisions and conflagrations. As it is, they are such peculiarly ill-winds as literally blow nobody any good. The infatuation from which they arise is purely gratuitous. An outlay of a few pounds would have sufficed to protect the "top-shifts," or to replace them by some safer contrivance. Whatever the cost, it ought to have been encountered before inviting an audience to sit in a house which, as it was, was about as safe as a barrel of gunpowder. Fortunately—or, as the phrase is, providentially—only six lives were lost, but there was every reason to expect that three hundred times six would some night be sacrificed to managerial parsimony or folly. Then this very fact that so many hundreds *might* have been killed is urged as a sort of extenuating circumstance. Such exquisite logic is not uncommon. On Saturday afternoon, for instance, at Peterborough, an engine exploded while it was being tested, and three lives were lost. Then the public is warmly congratulated, because, if it had happened on any other day than Saturday, probably forty or fifty lives would have been lost. Almost as admirable as this logic is the nice judgment, which allows tests to be conducted under such circumstances that, if the experiment fails, fifty lives are seriously jeopardized. From forgetfulness of the two very simple facts that canvas will burn and boilers explode, nine people perished within four-and-twenty hours. But of course it is absurd, in the official eye, to make any fuss about the matter. The only wonder is that the nine were not joined by some hundreds of their fellow-creatures.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ORDNANCE.

NO one in England will have been much surprised at Admiral Porter's report that several of his Parrott guns burst, and inflicted more damage on his own force than his furious bombardment did upon the defenders of Fort Fisher. While the art of constructing built-up and solid steel guns has been assiduously cultivated in England, the Americans have almost entirely confined themselves to improvements upon the old methods of casting, and to the addition of a few hoops of wrought iron, intended to strengthen an extremely untrustworthy material. It would, however, be rather unsafe, in the event of a war, to rely too much on the supposed inferiority of American cannon; and there seems to be some reason to believe that, though the heavy charges used in a few of our experimental guns would burst the best ordnance that the Federals can manufacture, they are not much, if at all, behind us in the supply of efficient guns for actual service. At this day, after years of laborious experiment, the navy is almost entirely dependent on the venerable 68-pounder, or on the Armstrong 100-pounder, which cannot be considered an improvement on the old model. If we were suddenly embroiled with the United States, our ships would have to fight against 100-pounder and 200-pounder Parrotts, supported occasionally by monster guns of much larger dimensions, and it is worth inquiring whether the superiority in armament would be as clearly on our side as is commonly supposed.

The 100-pounder Parrott, of which four or five hundred have been manufactured since the commencement of the war, is the ordinary broadside gun of the American navy; but, besides these, many ships are armed with similar guns throwing shot of 200 lbs. weight. If these broadside guns are inferior to our sixty-eights and Armstrongs, we may perhaps be reasonably content for the present; but, notwithstanding the casualties in the Wilmington fleet, it is by no means clear that we have any great advantage. Like our 68, the Parrott gun is of cast-iron, and admits of either rifled or spherical ammunition. When used as a rifle, it is unquestionably more liable to burst destructively than our old smooth-bore or our rifled Armstrong; but probably the proportion of guns disabled during an engagement would be much less than we should have to count if breech-loaders were used. As a smooth-bore, the broadside Parrott gun is inferior to the 68 in calibre; and though it ought, from its construction, to be stronger, the service charge is only 10 lbs. against the 16 lb. charges used in our service. There is no doubt, however, that this could be increased in action, as the 10 lb. charge was fixed for rifled projectiles, which strain the gun very much more than a smooth spherical shot. In efficiency, therefore, having regard to its capacity for throwing either rifled or spherical shot, the American broadside gun can scarcely be considered very inferior to our own. Nor would it be right to build too much upon the breaking down of half-a-dozen guns out of the large number employed against Fort Fisher, for there is every

reason to believe that, as a cast-iron gun, the American Parrott is fully equal in tenacity to anything that we possess of the same material. The urgency of the demand, when the war broke out, almost precluded experiments on novel modes of construction like those which have been prosecuted in this country, but it did not prevent the introduction of important improvements in the manufacture of cast-iron ordnance. The method now almost universal in America is to cast all guns of considerable size hollow, and to cool them from within, and the result has been, according to their own authorities, an enormous increase in the resisting power of the metal. As long as so treacherous a material is used in any form, cast-iron guns will occasionally burst, but there is no reason to suppose that those in use in the American navy are dangerous enough to impair very seriously the average efficiency of their ships. If, therefore, future fights were to resemble those of the past, when two wooden ships pounded each other until one went to the bottom, there would not be much to choose between the ordinary American and English artillery. In one respect the Americans would have, for this old-fashioned style of warfare, a decided preponderance. Very few of our ships carry anything more formidable than the old sixty-eights, while in the American fleet are many 10, 13, 15, and, it is said, even 20-inch guns, which, though sometimes fired with moderate charges, can throw shot heavy enough to crush the stoutest timbers afloat, and to leave a chasm which it would be hopeless to attempt to fill up. The Americans have been working in this direction of enormous calibre ever since the war of 1812, when the Columbiad was first introduced; and though they seem to be coming round to the English opinion that lighter projectiles fired at higher velocities are more effectual against armour, the crushing weight of their ponderous shots (as was shown in the case of the unlucky *Alabama*) is perhaps the most serious trial that a wooden ship could be called upon to endure. Nor are these monster guns by any means incapable of bearing heavy charges. The 13 and 15-inch guns are fired with from 30 to 40 lbs. of powder, and though cast guns under such a strain must often burst, this would not prevent the sound specimens doing effectual damage to an enemy. The only service guns in our navy which, like these American weapons, would be effectual against armour, are a very few of the new 64-ton guns, and the half-dozen Armstrong 300 pounders, which are not allowed to go to sea in the *Royal Sovereign*. The balance of strength, therefore, seems to be, upon the whole, in favour of the American artillery afloat, and the only consolation that remains is in the reflection that our experiments have prepared the way for improvements which, with a little energy in the Board of Admiralty, would soon place us immeasurably ahead not only of the Americans, but probably also of every other country in the world. The truth appears to be, that the American manufacturers have brought cast-iron guns to the highest perfection which they are ever likely to reach—much higher in fact than could have been anticipated from English experience. Still it is an inferior material to steel and wrought-iron, and even in America they can only use high charges at the risk of frequent accidents, and have probably about reached the limit which can be attained even on such terms. Increase of weight does very little to add to the strength of a cast-iron gun; and those which the Americans already possess are probably as powerful as any that can ever be made on their principle of construction.

With us the case is very different. Innumerable difficulties have been encountered in learning the use of materials by which the strength and endurance of guns may be carried far beyond the maximum point which can be touched by cast-iron. Coiled guns after the manner of Armstrong, guns of mild steel like those of Krupp and Whitworth, and the steel-lined cannon of Captain Palliser, all admit of being carried to a perfection which the hooped cast-iron cannon of Parrott and Dahlgren can never approach. The difference between the two countries is this. Pursuing an imperfect system, the Americans have brought out its utmost capabilities, and their service guns actually represent, on a large scale the very best work which they can hope to turn out. We, on the contrary, have learned much more about the construction of artillery than the Americans can be said practically to know, but we have made little or no use of our experiments, and our service weapons would scarcely be a match for those which are supplied in abundance by the readier, if less scientific, artillerymen of the United States. It would be a poor satisfaction in time of war to know that in the course of a few years Sir W. Armstrong could build, or Captain Palliser could convert, an unlimited number of guns better than any that the Americans possess. While the process was going on, our ships might experience the inconvenience of being left without any useful armament, because scientific experimentalists had not quite made up their minds whether one or another of several almost equally good models was absolutely the best. Nor is there any reason why we should not at once be put in possession of an ample stock of ship-guns capable of producing some, if not the utmost possible, effect upon iron armour. The most approved models at this moment—the so-called Somerset gun and the still more powerful Armstrong 300-pounder—are being produced very slowly, but a moderate time would suffice to convert a large proportion of our sixty-eights into Palliser rifles of considerable power. The success of the experiments already made with this process is no more than might have been predicted from its scientific truth. The one great difficulty in making a gun strong enough to bear the charges required for practice against armour-plates is so to arrange the metal as to bring the whole

strength to bear before any part gives way. In an ordinary cast gun the metal of which is approximately free from strain, the effect of internal explosion is to stretch the inner portion of the tube, it may be to the bursting point, before the outer cylinders have had their strength brought into play at all. There are but two ways of remedying this. One is that adopted by Sir W. Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth, before them by Captain Blakeley, and yet earlier by Treadwell and others, of putting on the external coating under tension, obtained either by shrinking on hot cylinders, or forcing them into their place by hydraulic pressure. The other plan is that by which Captain Palliser proposes to strengthen our existing cast-iron ordnance—namely, by using as a lining a more extensible and tougher material, such as wrought-iron or mild steel. Both theory and experiment prove that this is a much more effectual contrivance than reinforcing a cast-iron gun with outer cylinders of wrought iron, inasmuch as this latter method exposes the metal which can stretch least to the greatest strain, and has invariably failed under the pressure of extreme charges. It is, we believe, by this time admitted that Captain Palliser's method has completely solved the problem of strengthening our large supply of cast-iron guns sufficiently to enable them to be used as rifles with heavy charges; and there is no reason, except the irrational sluggishness of all persons in authority, why the navy should not in a very short time be supplied with the best service gun at present in use in any part of the world, until such time as the Woolwich factory shall be able to turn out an adequate number of the 150, 300, and 600-pounders, which scarcely exist at present except as experimental guns. There are abundant reasons why no time should be lost in arming the navy, and none that we know of for a day's unnecessary delay in this important duty.

FAVOURITES FOR THE DERBY.

THE short vacation which is allowed between the end of one racing season and the beginning of another has already more than half elapsed, and it is time that the leisure which has been devoted to examination of the merits of candidates for the great prize of the Turf should afford some satisfactory conclusion. But it rather appears that, as discussion proceeds, we get further away from certainty. There is a pretty general agreement, however, to this extent—that the form of the two-year-olds who came out during the last season was only moderate; and people are looking, either with hope or fear, to the dark division for something that shall come more fully up to the standard of a Derby winner. The first observation that occurs in reference to public form is that Victorious and Wild Agnes, who ran as well as anything last year, are not in the Derby. It is remarkable that Victorious, who is trained at Epsom, should be destined not to run there on the grand day. This colt ran for the Nursery Handicap at Goodwood. The fact that he had 9 st. put upon him will show what was thought of him at that time, and the fact that he won under that weight will indicate what he is likely to be this year. The merit of this performance is enhanced by remembering that the course at Goodwood is a mile long. On a previous day, at Goodwood, Victorious beat Birchbroom at 2 st. for the year; and afterwards, at Doncaster, Master Richard, giving him the same weight, only beat him by a head over a mile course; while Adventurer, who was thought to have run astonishingly well, beat them both. Thus Victorious has been tried satisfactorily with two well-known three-year-olds. Altogether, he won six times last year at various places, and was beaten twice at Doncaster. His second defeat was by Wild Agnes, who beat him at 6 lbs. for the Eglington Stakes, thus proving that she is nearly as good as he is. Indeed, a filly who has won nine races out of ten cannot possibly be a despicable opponent. Her only defeat was for the Convivial Stakes at York, where Olmar and Goutran got before her; but even here she was carrying a 7 lbs. penalty, and came in third, while Mr. Merry's Zambesi, who also carried a penalty, was beaten off. For the Gimcrack Stakes, at York, she beat Oppressor; and next week, at Stockton, Oppressor beat Olmar, who had beaten her at York; and next day she beat Olmar herself, so as to prove, directly and indirectly, her superiority. At Doncaster it was seen that Victorious could not give her 6 lbs., and, although she cannot try for the Derby, she ought, if she winters well, to have a good chance for the Oaks.

Among horses entered for the Derby who have performed in public, Mr. Merry's Liddington is undoubtedly entitled to the first place; but whether it is prudent, on the strength of Liddington's performances, to accept 5 or 6 to 1 about him for the Derby is a different question. Suppose that Victorious were in the Derby, and that Mr. Merry owned him, what would be the smallest price at which an enthusiastic public would be content to back him? It certainly is a great point in favour of Liddington that he has not been beaten. He has run four races, and won them all. Twice he gallantly breasted the hill at Ascot. In his first race, he beat Wild Boy by a neck only; while Gardevisure, of whom we shall say a word presently, was third, and Ostregor, who afterwards won the Findon Stakes at Goodwood, was fourth. In his second race, carrying 5 lbs. penalty, he galloped clean away from a field of seventeen horses. Grinder, who probably felt that he had a character to maintain for perseverance, and Advance, who endeavoured to make good his name, stuck to their work longest, and got beaten by ten lengths; while Ostregor and others, who sooner discovered the hopelessness of the chase, were left in the rear an untold distance. Surely this was a highly

creditable performance, even if we take a moderate estimate, as we safely may, of the quality of the beaten horses. We have seen that Liddington only beat Wild Boy by a neck. At Stockbridge, a fortnight later, the Marquis of Hastings' colt, The Duke, beat Wild Boy by two lengths, and it was fancied by the partisans of John Day's stable that this performance made The Duke at least as good as Liddington. The two horses met at Newmarket in the July Stakes, and The Duke, looking all over a winner, was beaten on the post by Liddington. The opinion was general that The Duke's jockey had made a mistake, and that the horse was not beaten on his merits. But two days later he and Liddington met again for the Chesterfield Stakes, and now Liddington beat him by three lengths. But still The Duke's friends maintain that their horse was amiss, and that this second trial was even less conclusive than the first; and so they make good the old proverb as to persons who are convinced against their will. Perhaps impartial observers will consider that it was no great exploit of Liddington to beat The Duke; but the struggle for the July Stakes at least proves that Liddington is a thoroughly game animal, and, whoever wins the Derby, it may be anticipated that Mr. Merry's horse will make a good fight for it. The Duke, after his two defeats at Newmarket, came out once more at York, and won a race creditably, so that he has scored in all two victories and two defeats. The Marquis of Hastings has had great luck during his short career upon the Turf, and if he can win the Derby with The Duke his luck will be truly wonderful. Mr. Merry does not usually make any very wide mistake in estimating the quality of his Derby horses, and this year he has unusually good means of judging, having Zambesi as well as Liddington in his stable; and as Zambesi has been out seven times, he must have got the measure of a good many possible opponents of the coming season. Zambesi's best performance was winning the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, for which Gardevisure ran second to him. If we wanted a proof that the winner of this race is likely to do well afterwards, we need look no further than Ely, who won it in 1863, and won as a three-year-old eight races out of thirteen. Zambesi's worst performance was for the Convivial Stakes at York, where he suffered a defeat which his 5 lbs. penalty cannot excuse. He beat Koenig at even weight at Ascot on the Cup Day—that great day for Mr. Merry's colours; but at Goodwood, under 5 lbs. penalty, both Ostregor and Koenig beat him for the Findon Stakes, and Koenig beat him again for the Molecombe Stakes. It seems, therefore, that if Zambesi cannot win the Derby himself, he may show the stable pretty accurately how near they are likely to come to winning it with Liddington.

Next to Mr. Merry's pair, the best public form has been shown by Chattanooga, who promises to restore to Mr. Naylor's stable some portion of the celebrity which belonged to it in Macaroni's year. The solitary performance of this colt was that he won the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket Houghton Meeting in capital style. This race is what its name implies, and the winner of it could not, in a single day, do more to acquire confidence as a candidate for the Derby. The Prendergast Stakes at the Second October Meeting were won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Bedminster, who had a good field behind him. As this stable has already carried off the Derby three times, anything in it moderately good is sure to be supported by the public. The Clearwell Stakes at the same meeting fell to a French colt, Gladiateur, but he is not now considered formidable for the Derby; and although the French stables have done almost everything else on the English Turf, they appear still to be some way off from winning our greatest race. It may, however, be predicted with some confidence, that when they have a really good horse in the English Derby they will manage not to make much fuss about him. The winner of the Findon Stakes at Goodwood usually figures prominently in the Derby betting, if not in the race itself; but it happens that the winner of 1864, Ostregor, ran on six other occasions and got beaten every time, so that it is not surprising that we do not hear much about him. Oppressor, like Ostregor, has started seven times, but counts six victories to one defeat. It is something of a distinction never to have been beaten except by Wild Agnes, but the most that can be said for Oppressor's Derby chance is that he seems the best of the three O's; for the third, Olmar, has only won thrice out of nine times, and has been twice beaten by Oppressor and once by Wild Agnes, whom, however, he beat at York, beating in the same race Zambesi.

Among horses not engaged in the Derby, perhaps the best performer next to Victorious and Wild Agnes has been Gardevisure; and it is something to the credit of Mr. Merry's stable that Liddington, as well as Zambesi, has defeated this promising filly. The same claim may be advanced in favour of Bedminster, but with the important qualification that in the Prendergast he carried 7 lbs. less than she did; and if the filly had not been cannoned against in the race she must have nearly won. It would be useless to pursue further the examination of the running of horses engaged in the Derby, for we should not find anything so good as what has been already brought to light, and there cannot, at the outside, be more than two or three of the public horses whose performances can be seriously considered as entitling them to any large share of public confidence. The dark division is about half as numerous as that of horses which have run in 1864, but it would be a very fair bet to back the one lot against the other at even money. The hope of the dark division is, of course, Breadalbane, own brother to Blair Athol, who has been reported all along to be as good as he was. This report may

or may not be confirmed by the result, and, even if it be, it does not follow that Breadalbane will win the Derby. It is probable, however, that even Mr. Merry's friends would hardly assert that Liddington could win it if there were to be a second Blair Athol in the field. The confidence inspired by high breeding belongs as much to one brother as to the other. The two horses are said to be as nearly as possible alike, except that the younger is a trifle darker in colour. Breadalbane's looks and style of going have been watched on every occasion during many months by critical eyes, and, if any fault could have been found with him, we may be sure that the public would have been informed of it. There is another horse of the same family—Broomielaw—in Mr. P'Anson's stable, also entered for the Derby, and backed to a considerable extent in preference to Breadalbane by people who suppose themselves to be particularly sagacious. These horses are by the same sire, Stockwell, but Broomielaw's dam is Queen Mary, whereas Breadalbane's dam was Blink Bonny, who was a daughter of Queen Mary. Thus the two horses are half-brothers, and something more which it is difficult to express arithmetically. Besides Mr. P'Anson's formidable pair, John Scott has a strong team at work at Malton, and it includes Lord Glasgow's colt by Barbatus out of Brown Bess, now called Rifle, and Lord Durham's colt by Voltigeur out of The Wizard's dam, which has received the name of Ariel. The merits of these two colts must at this moment be, to a Londoner, matter of pure conjecture; but perhaps an intelligent inhabitant of Malton, who kept his eyes and ears open during the early spring, would not long remain doubtful on the question whether either of John Scott's clients is likely to be decorated with this year's blue riband. As there must be some variety in betting, and as both Rifle and Ariel are in honest hands, we shall doubtless hear of these horses being a good deal backed before the race comes off; but it will be useful for their supporters to remember that they will have to beat Breadalbane before they can win the Derby.

As Lord Stamford now trains privately in his own park, there is even less opportunity for learning anything about his horse Archimedes than about the other dark candidates for the Derby. This horse, whose dam is named Equation, is half-brother to Diophantus, who won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1861. Mathematicians will observe the compliment to their science which is conveyed by Lord Stamford's choice of names, and if they can calculate the chance of Archimedes winning the Derby the public will be much obliged to them. There are other untried horses of considerable reputation, but it is useless to bring in their names simply to state that nothing whatever is known about them. It is, however, a safe general rule to make a large deduction from every favourable report of a private trial. The only further advice which can now be given towards forming a judgment upon the Derby is to wait and see the result of the race for the Two Thousand Guineas.

REVIEWS.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.*

THE exercise presented by M. Maurice Mervoyer for the degree of Doctor of Philology in the University of Paris gives satisfactory evidence of the condition of Greek scholarship in that seat of learning. Whether the choice of subject be that of the candidate himself or duly prescribed in the course of the academical regulations, and whether the particular kind of composition selected as a test in the present instance form part of the authoritative programme of exercises for the degree in question or not, it is certain that the writer has applied himself to his task in the spirit of a man thoroughly in love with his subject, and has executed it in a manner which abundantly establishes his fitness for the academic distinction for which it was sent in. Whether, indeed, there may be any special benefit, intellectual or moral, in the elaboration of upwards of a hundred and fifty solid pages of Greek prose to compensate the candidate for such an expenditure of time and labour, must rest with the learned body into whose curriculum of study exercises of that exacting kind may habitually enter. The practice of Greek composition rests, it must be remembered, upon a totally different footing from that of Latin. The former tongue has at no time attained to that general currency which made the latter—though, in the proper sense, a dead language—the universally recognised medium of communication between the learned of all nations, and rendered it till of late years the sole depositary of the accumulated erudition of Europe. A scholar is, of course, bound to write Greek with the same facility and force as Latin. But beyond the mere exhibition of the power to compose in Greek, there is not the same subsidiary purpose which lends a practical value of its own to a Latin essay or oration. To turn out a whole volume of historical or philosophical matter in however excellent Greek would, in our own academical house at least, be thought a needless prodigality of toil. As a test of scholarship, few would hesitate to give the preference to the practice of our own universities and leading schools. A short copy of verses, translated or original, or a terse and pithy epigram, are held with us to furnish incomparably fairer scope for

bringing out those delicate *nuances* of style, together with those expressive varieties and shades of dialect, in which no language has ever come up to the Greek, than any quantity of narrative or argumentative prose. It is enough to make a reader yawn in sympathy even to think of the dreary hours and days which must have been expended upon a display of erudition which the contents of a single page or so would, for all practical purposes, have equally well put to the proof. We should be sorry to see the shrine of academical distinction amongst ourselves approached only after so prolonged a constitutional strain upon the faculties of patience and perseverance.

M. Mervoyer's essay is written with fluency and correctness, showing not only a scholarlike command over the resources of the language, but much flexibility and skill in adapting the forms and idioms of so remote a date to the materials and processes of modern thought. His style appears to have been modelled rather upon the middle period of Plutarch or Lucian than upon the severer types of the strictly classic age, while struggling to keep clear of the alien, if not vulgar, elements which crept in at a later point of deterioration. Whether it be that the growing breadth and objectivity of ideas has tended to sweep away those subtle subjective distinctions which led the Greek mind in its earlier stages to the profuse indulgence in particles, or that the mastery of a dead language is, in modern hands, in no case so thorough and complete as to give our scholars anything like the same ease in wielding those pointed and flexible shafts of expression, it is unquestionably in the sparse and uneasy use of particles that modern Greek prose in general differs most from its classical archetype. Plastic, again, as the Greek tongue undeniably was beyond all others in the hands of its native masters, it may be said to fall short even of the Latin in its power of adaptation to modern ideas, and in that of incorporating foreign words or idioms. Herein lies the crucial difficulty of those well-meaning precisionists who are striving to bring back the now mongrel or mixed Romance of the Hellenes to the purer idiom which, in the age of gold, resounded from the Attic stage or pnyx. M. Mervoyer has not in many instances ventured upon the attempt to naturalise alien terms, with the exception of the struggles to extract from the scanty phonetic and symbolic resources of the Greek tongue equivalents for the sounds which are characteristically emitted from English, French, or German organs of speech. His clever countryman, M. Chassang, would probably have some difficulty in recognising himself as the person veiled under a complimentary allusion as *ὁ κατ' ἡμᾶς λογιώτατος ἀνὴρ Σαοδάγγελος*, though it will be allowed that the subject of which that agreeable writer has given us so graphic a record in his *Histoire du Roman* has met with a perfectly neat equivalent in the new coined word, *μυθιστόρημα*. The immortal author of the *Médecin malgré lui* is hardly to be known at first sight when rising to new life as *ὁ ἡμέτερος Μολιέριος λατὸν τινα εἶναι προσποιούμενον εἰσάγων*, nor will the Gallican church more readily identify its most learned ecclesiastical historian of the present century with the *Κλαύδιος Φλεβός* of M. Mervoyer's introducing. It is not so difficult to discern the author of *Athalie* lurking under the title of *Ἰακίνθος ὁ τραγωδοποιός*, while every classical reader will appreciate the terseness and point with which the telling apostrophe of the high-priest of Jehovah—

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte,
is rendered in the epigrammatic sentence—

Θεὸν δίδουκα· δαῖμα δ' ἄλλο μ' οὐκ ἔχει.

Many equally neat turns of versification in translating both from Latin and English, as well as from his native literature, are scattered incidentally through M. Mervoyer's essay. How close, for instance, both in substance and form are the following epigram from Horace and its equivalent in our author's Greek:—

*Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum.*

*Ἦ ῥὰ σοφὸς χείρων ἑνὸς ἐστὶ Διὸς, πολὺχρυσος,
Τίμιος, αὐτόνομος, καλός, βασιλεὺς βασιλείων.*

Nor does our own Cowper fare worse at the hands of M. Mervoyer, as a comparison of the following extract from the *Progress of Error*, with the essayist's corresponding version, will show:—

*Himself but half deceived,
Till others have the soothing tale believed.*

*Ἐγὼν πλάσμα, πίπειτε τό γ' ἡμῶν ἀν' ἱεροῖς
εἰτα δὲ πᾶν, ὅπταν μεταβῇ καὶ πίστις ἐς ἄλλους.*

In forming his estimate of the character of Apollonius, M. Mervoyer begins his inquiry from the point left in doubt by Gibbon—*τὸ Γιββόνειον ἀπόρημα*—was Apollonius a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic? His ultimate conclusion is that the nature of the man partook, perhaps in equal proportions, of each of these characteristics. The mastery which that mysterious personage undoubtedly attained and held, not over the vulgar and illiterate mass alone, but over men of intellect, statesmen, and rulers—not to speak of the divine honours paid him on his death—are sufficient proofs that the Pythagorean philosopher was no mere mountebank, such as we may see in any age overawing the ignorant multitude by the pomp of pretended wisdom, pandering to the vulgar curiosity for things future and mysterious, and setting up a cheap reputation for prophetic powers by vague vaticinations of political woes or millennial bliss. Stripping the life of Apollonius of the tissue of absurdities and exaggerations with which the zeal of his biographers has enveloped it, there remains a groundwork of fact on which we may build a

* Περὶ Ἀπολλωνίου τοῦ Τυανίου διατριβὴν συγγράφας τῇ ἐν Περσείῳ Ἀκαδημίᾳ εἰς ἱερίαν προσήνεκεν Π. Μαυρίκιος Μερβόγιερ. Paris: Eugene Belin. 1864.

pretty fair estimate of the actual man. That he was deeply tinged with the love of mysticism, together with that hankering after singularity and display which formed so conspicuous an element in the mental and moral atmosphere of his age and race, is beyond serious question. That he was led, by the process of nursing and exercising his exceptionally powerful tendencies of this kind, to attribute to himself the possession of gifts and faculties above those of common men, and to trace in them signs of an origin more lofty and recondite than that of the ordinary processes of reason and sense, is so far from necessarily indicating conscious imposture, that it may be taken rather to betoken a nature instinctively alien to the guile of the mere charlatan or quack, and only too single-minded and unworldly in giving vent to its aspirations after the unearthly and the unseen. The mind of Apollonius, could we get at it through the clear medium of history, dispersing the mists of prejudice and fable that surround his memory, would probably appear like an early counterpart, on Grecian soil, of that of Swedenborg. The same brilliance and versatility of talent, the same scientific familiarity with nature, the same mental training in the pursuits of philosophy and the subtlest arcana of mathematical and metaphysical speculation, joined to the same practical sagacity in worldly matters which princes value in their counsellors, were held in combination, equally rare and exceptional, with a mystical and an ecstatic temperament. It was a thoroughly sincere and absorbing religious enthusiasm which, in the latter case at least, lifted its possessor out of the sphere of common motives and common sense. And in both alike this blending of the man of the world with the metaphysical and theological dreamer is the true key to unlock the seeming paradox.

This historical parallel has not, indeed, occurred to M. Mervoyer, but his mode of dealing with the pretensions of Apollonius shows that his estimate is not far different. Of course, in a great measure, the character of the sage of Tyana partook of the peculiar influences of his time. M. Mervoyer's essay, with the utmost propriety, opens accordingly with a brief but vivid sketch of the state of religious belief and philosophical opinion in Greece about the commencement of our era. He is thus led to the inquiry how far the peculiar mythological forms and objects of Greek worship are to be considered to have been of home growth or imported from Eastern sources, and to what extent they may have exercised a practical moral sway over the faith and conduct of the people. We find him here, on the first of these points, strenuously upholding the older persuasion of the autochthonic nature of the Greek myths, against the more recent theory of certain hard-livered Germans and speculative Frenchmen, *χαλεκίντροι Γερμανοὶ καὶ ζητητικοὶ Φραγκογάλλοι*, who persist in tracing those primitive conceptions to Aryan sources, and who are prepared to exhibit their actual prototypes in the religious books of the Hindoo race. Resting mainly on the authority of Thirlwall, he is disposed to look neither to India, Egypt, Syria, Assyria, nor Chaldea for the birth-place of the Greek divinities, but would regard them as the pure and unmixed product of the Hellenic mind. Of the broader and more philosophical treatment of this abstruse topic by Mr. Grote, our author seems, unhappily, to have had no knowledge. That towards the date of the Christian era, however, the simple and sublime old Greek religion had been almost wholly overshadowed by superstitions and practices from the East, forms the next and more stable portion of his argument. Magical arts and the practice of divination, which had from the first formed part of the esoteric system of the priests, had entered upon a more degraded and vulgar phase, and had undergone an impure mixture with Magian, Assyrian, Egyptian, and even Jewish theurgy. An opportunity was thus opened of which it was hardly in human nature for a man like Apollonius—half religious fanatic, half political schemer—not to avail himself. An ardent admirer and imitator of Pythagoras, he seems to have thrown himself into the middle point between the Greek and Oriental systems, and to have found a common term between them in the secrets of the Pythagorean symbolism. He was for eliminating boldly, if we are to credit the most authentic accounts, all that was purulent and licentious in the legendary lore of Paganism, attributing all such marks of impurity and corruption to the fables of the poets. Material sacrifices, and even the offering of fire, he rejected as unfit for a pure divinity; allowing, indeed, only mental prayer, which, according to Eusebius, he held to be polluted by passing vocally through the lips. In all this we are far from seeing a low and mercenary impostor, such as the Alexander of Lucian. Amidst all the magical glamour and all the haze of exaggeration which has been flung over his life by Philostratus and others, there emerges a figure definite enough to take a place in the page of history, and worthy of higher rank in the gallery of fact than the doubtful one long assigned to him in the cloudy atmosphere of fiction. Had we but the simple narrative of Damis the Assyrian, which formed the groundwork of the preposterous travesty of Philostratus, we should doubtless find somewhat of the same difference between the real and the fabled Apollonius as that which exists between the missionary Xavier, as portrayed in his own letters or in confidential reports of his labours written from the spot, and as he has been exalted into a hero and miracle-monger in the legends of a generation or two later.

In his chapter on the practical effect for good or ill of the legends of the Greek Pantheon upon the faith and morals of the people, M. Mervoyer declares himself at issue with the Bishop of St. David's and Sir Bulwer Lytton—*Θεοδόσιος καὶ ὁ Ἀντών*

Βουλειρ—in whose view the poetical element was successfully kept apart from what may be called the dogmatic or doctrinal in the popular mythology; so that, if those deities furnished no complete patterns of purity, honour, or justice to the youth of the nation, yet nothing could be drawn from the evil precedents set by the gods in the pages of Hesiod or Homer to justify or stimulate an imitation of their deeds. By arguments drawn from Lucian's sarcastic sketches of the religion of his day, fortified by the well-known allusions in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides and in the *Emuchus* of Terence, a strong case is made out in aid of the protest so sternly uttered by Seneca against the lingering superstitions of his day, and urged with such indignant force by St. Augustin against the would-be revivers and purifiers of Paganism. There can be no doubt that, in the foul and lawless models held up for veneration, the popular mind at least could in no case so readily disintegrate the poetic from the literal features. To the want of some truer and higher standard of ethics than the shifting lights of the philosophic intellect or the lurid glow of human passion, was due that darkness and obliquity of the moral sentiment which was the perpetual blot, as it proved the eventual downfall, of that gifted race. One natural product of that imperfect balance of the scientific and the spiritual elements of the mind was the rise and sway of the class of whom Apollonius stands forth as the most conspicuous type—a strange mixture of power and weakness, half deceiver and half deceived, a compound difficult to realize in our day, and only to be comprehended in its relation to one of the most exceptional and critical states of civilization that mark the history of any country. Treating his subject in this comprehensive and philosophical light, M. Mervoyer has given us as clear and trustworthy an estimate of that puzzling and abnormal personage as the vague and conflicting materials at our command allow. It is only to be regretted that his work has not been presented to the public in a dress more likely to invite a general and hearty perusal.

BAKER'S CHRONICLE.*

WE are afraid that a generation is growing up to whom the name of Sir Roger de Coverley is unknown. We mean the name as describing the baronet himself, not as describing the sport invented by his great-grandfather. We use the word "sport" advisedly, as the vaguest upon which we can hit to describe the performance. In Sir Roger's own time it was called a "famous country-dance," but it has lately, it seems, been, hypothetically at least, advanced or degraded to the rank of a "dramatic entertainment." It is wandering out of our province into that of the mythologists or somebody else, but we cannot help asking whether the elder Sir Roger, when he decreed that his pupils should stand so long looking at their partners without ever coming near them, may not have intended prophetically to symbolize the relations between his great-grandson and the Widow. But perhaps it is useless to speculate on these matters in an age to whose ears the names both of Sir Roger and of the Widow would alike sound meaningless. So, we greatly fear, it is. We have heard of a young lady being recommended to read the *Spectator*, and declining on the ground that it was so "dry." "The *Spectator* dry! is Sir Roger de Coverley dry?" "Yes; history is so dry." It was hopeless trying to get any further; the damsel seemingly looked on the *Spectator* as an ancient chronicle, and perhaps thought that Sir Roger de Coverley was a companion in arms of Sir Walter Manny or Sir John Fastolf. In such a state of things, if Sir Roger de Coverley has passed into forgetfulness, what can be the whereabouts of Sir Richard Baker? Sir Richard, if he be known at all, is known mainly as the favourite reading of Sir Roger, and to those to whom Sir Roger is unknown, Sir Richard must *a fortiori* be unknown also. Sir Roger, as a select few may still remember, got up his English history out of Sir Richard. He knew all the Kings in the Chronicle, and, when he saw the tombs at Westminster, he remarked, with some surprise, that there were a great many Kings in Sir Richard Baker whose tombs he did not see in the Abbey. And, considering his age and lights, we do not think that Sir Roger's time was at all thrown away. We should like to be certain that every country gentleman now spends so much of his time to so good a purpose as Sir Roger de Coverley must have done. Sir Roger was clearly, as far as his lights went, a real student. He clearly read for information, and not merely for amusement. Reading Sir Richard Baker was quite a different process from reading the books which come down now-a-days from the great circulating libraries. Reading Sir Richard Baker was emphatically work and not play. We have no doubt that Sir Roger really read his book through, sitting alone in his library, with his elbows on the table. And it would seem that Sir Roger, unlike those who now-a-days forget him, did not find history dry. He clearly liked reading his book, and he liked to talk about it when he had read it. Perhaps he was not quite free from the vanity of displaying his knowledge; but who is? And if he had really got up his Sir Richard Baker, he certainly had some knowledge to be vain of. A man who was thoroughly master of Sir Richard Baker, though he might not be a very enlightened or a very critical historian, would at least be quite safe against being plucked in the School of Law and Modern History.

The truth is that in the seventeenth century, and indeed in the eighteenth also, both readers and writers were in earnest. They

* *A Chronicle of the Kings of England, &c. &c. &c.* By Sir Richard Baker, Knight. London: 1679.

might be ignorant, prejudiced, uncritical, their books might be open to every objection both of style and matter, but they did not trifle with their subjects—they wrote and they read in good faith. Sir Richard Baker is not a Palgrave or a Lappenberg, but he has far more in common with Palgrave and Lappenberg than he has with Dr. Doran. We do not lightly suspect the writers of that age of wilful neglect of truth; but, if they were guilty of it, they sacrificed truth to the requirements of a political theory, never to the requirements of that class of readers who prefer buffoonery to real knowledge. The seventeenth century was alike guiltless of the sensation history, the sensation novel, and the sensation book of travels. Sir Richard Baker is, if you please, very stupid, very uncritical, quite unable to understand what he writes about; but he is in earnest from beginning to end. We laugh at him, but we do not fancy for a moment that Sir Roger laughed. Sir Richard's folio is a prodigy of mere work. The whole thing is of course misconceived; there are plenty of particular blunders, the natural result of imperfect scholarship; but there is good honest work in abundance. The mass of information, seemingly honestly drawn from original sources, is really amazing. There is to be sure nothing worthy to be called criticism, and the whole goes on a theory that whatever a King did must, if possible, be shown to be right. Still Sir Richard's comments are by no means void of occasional glimmerings of sound common sense. He tells his story simply and straightforwardly, without any attempt at either eloquence or jocularly; but, like many writers of his age, he is not wholly devoid of a certain vein of humour, conscious or unconscious, which is not inconsistent with earnestness and simplicity. In short, though Sir Roger might probably, even in his own age, have found much better guides, it is still more certain that he might, in our age, have found much worse.

Sir Richard Baker's title-page is, according to the custom of his age, a descriptive one. It fully comes up to the standard of Mr. Toulmin Smith. He promises us "a Chronicle of the Kings of England from the Time of the Romans Government unto the death of King James; containing all Passages of State and Church, with all other Observations proper for a Chronicle; faithfully collected out of Authors Ancient and Modern, and digested into a Method." And a very methodical method it is into which Sir Richard has digested all this. He first gives what may be called the general history of each reign, set forth in a very precise manner under well-defined heads. Thus, for instance, under Henry the Third, we find, "Of his coming to the Crown and of Acts done in his Minority," "Of his Acts after he came to be of Age," "Acts done in the Contention between the King and his Barons." Then we get, according to a general scheme which varies but little in each case, "Of his Taxations and Ways for raising Money," "Of his Laws and Ordinances," "Affairs of the Church in his time," "Works of Piety by this King or by others in his time," "Of Casualties happening in his time," "Of his Wives and Children," "Of his Personage and Conditions," "Of his Death and Burial," "Men of Note in his time," "The Majors and Sheriffs of London in this King's Reign." Under these heads a really large mass of information is gathered together, a great deal of which a professed historian of England now would most likely leave to antiquaries, general or special. If Sir Roger really remembered all that he had read in Sir Richard, he would have been disqualified for taking the chair at a local Archaeological meeting, not on the ground of knowing too little, but on that of knowing too much. Sir Richard's tendency to make the best of his Kings would only fall in with Sir Roger's own politics, and supply additional material for triumphing over Sir Andrew Freeport. But one curious thing is that the tendency to canonize begins only with the Kings after the Norman Conquest. In earlier times, though Sir Richard's ideas of things are none of the clearest, he allows his faculties free scope in judging of human, even of kingly, actions. Perhaps he had a dim notion that the Kings before 1066, mere "Saxons" as they were, were not fully entitled to rank as predecessors of His Sacred Majesty King Charles. Anyhow it is with William the Conqueror that Sir Richard's full devotion to royalty begins. We do not mean that he makes out all his Kings to be equally good, or that he does not admit that some actions of some Kings were unquestionably bad. But, in all cases but one, he puts the best face upon matters; if there is any way of letting off an erring King easily, Sir Richard is safe to find it out. On the other hand, the one case of exception will perhaps make up for all the others. When Sir Richard does hate, he is indeed a good hater. Richard the Third's back is crooked and his character blackened as much as any contemporary Lancastrian could have wished to see it:—

There never was in any man a greater uniformity of Body and Mind, than was in him; both of them equally deformed. Of Body he was but low, crook'd-back'd, hook-shoulder'd, splay-footed, and goggle-eyed, his face little and round, his complexion swarthy, his left arm from his Birth dry and withered: born a Monster in nature, with all his teeth, with hair on his head, and nails on his fingers and toes. And just such were the qualities of his mind: One quality he had in ordinary, which was, to look fawningly when he plotted, sternly when he executed. Those Vices, which in other men are Passions, in him were Habits: and his cruelty was not upon occasion but natural. If at any time he showed any virtue, it was but pretence; the truth of his mind was only lying and falsehood. He was full of courage and yet not valiant; valour consisting not only in doing, but as well in suffering, which he could not abide. He was politic, and yet not wise; Policy looking but to the middle, Wisdom to the end: which he did, and did not. And it was not so much Ambition that made him desire the Crown, as Cruelty: that it might be in his power to kill at his pleasure: And to say the truth, he was scarce of the number of men who consist of flesh and blood, being nothing but blood. One Miracle we may say he did; which was that he made the Truth of History to exceed the Fiction of Poetry, being

a greater Harpy than those that were feigned. He would fain have been accounted a good King, but for his life he could not be a good Man; and it is an impossible thing to be one without the other. He left no Issue behind him: and it had been a pity he should, at least in his own Image: one such Monster was enough for many Ages.

Let us see, on the other hand, what Sir Richard could do for a royal friend in a case fully as unpromising. King John was not exactly perfect; still there was something to be said for him. Moreover he was, unlike Crook-backed Dick, a lineal ancestor of His Sacred Majesty, and, as such, he had his privileges:—

He was of stature indifferent tall, and something fat, of a sower and angry countenance; and concerning his conditions, it may be said, that his Nature and his Fortune did not well agree: For naturally he loved his ease, yet his Fortune was to be ever in action. He won more of his enemies by surprises than by battels, which shews that he had more of Lightning in him than of Thunder. He was never so true of his word as when he threatened, because he meant always as cruelly as he spake, not always as graciously; and he that would have known what it was he never meant to perform, must have looked upon his promises. He was neither fit for Prosperity nor Adversity: For prosperity made him insolent, and adversity dejected; a mean fortune would have suited best with him. He was all that he was by Fits; Sometimes doing nothing without deliberation, and sometimes doing all upon a sudden: Sometimes very Religious and sometimes scarce a Christian. His unsatiableness of money was not so much, as that no man knew what he did with it; gotten with much noise, but spent in silence. He was but intemperate in his best temper, but when distemper'd with sickness most of all, as appeared at his last; when, being in a fever, he would needs be eating of raw Peaches, and drinking of sweet Ale. If we look upon his works, we must needs think him a worthy Prince; but if upon his Actions, nothing less: For his works of Piety were very many, as hath been shewed before; but as for his actions, he neither came to the Crown by Justice, nor held it with Honour, nor left it in Peace. Yet having had many good parts in him, and especially having his Royal Posterity continued to this day, we can do no less but honour his memory.

Sir Richard himself seems to have gone no further than the death of King James, whom, by the way, he writes James and not James. He is of course despatched to the other world with all possible benedictions and lamentations. He really seems to have had no fault, except certain imperfections in his way of sitting on horseback, and we are not clear that even these are imperfections in the loyal eyes of Sir Richard:—

It is said, that he had such a fashion in riding, that it could not so properly be said he rid, as that his Horse carried him; for he made but little use of his Bridle, and would say, a Horse never stumbled, but when he was reined. As for graver matters:—

It was a manifest argument of his being an excellent Prince, that coming next to the admirable Queen Elizabeth, which was in a manner to compare them together, yet there appeared no inequality, that it might not untruly be said, King James was but the continuation of Queen Elizabeth, the same virtue, though different sexes.

Our business is with the genuine Sir Richard; we will therefore add only that our edition contains a large Appendix, which is thus described in the title-page:—

Whereunto is added, The Reign of King Charles the First, and the First Thirteen Years of His Sacred Majesty, King Charles the Second, that now reigneth, in which are many Material Affairs of State never before published; and likewise the most Remarkable Occurrences relating to His Majesties most Happy and Wonderful Restauration, by the Prudent Conduct, under God, of George late Duke of Albemarle Captain General of all His Majesties Armies, as they were extracted out of His Excellencies own Papers, and the Journals and Memorials of those employ'd in the most Important and Secret Transactions of that Time. All which Additions are Revised in this Seventh Impression, and freed from many Errors and Mistakes of the former Editions.

Such was the main historical reading of Sir Roger de Coverley. Sir Roger evidently got up his book carefully. When he saw the tomb of Edward the Confessor, he remembered that he was the first King that touched for the evil; when he saw the tomb of Henry the Fourth, he remembered that "there was fine reading [as truly there is] among the casualties of his reign." The very notion of going to see the tombs immediately after reading the Chronicle shows that Sir Roger belonged to a good historical school. The knight instinctively felt, what some people forget, that the study of written records and of archaeological monuments should always go together. But we cannot think that Sir Roger wholly confined his reading to Sir Richard Baker. On another occasion, he pronounced "Prince Eugenio to be a greater man than Scanderbeg." It is hard to prove a negative, but we greatly doubt whether there is much about Scanderbeg in Sir Richard Baker. But the comparison proves a great deal. Sir Roger had heard of Scanderbeg; he admired Scanderbeg; but he did not let his admiration carry him too far, or make him indifferent to the merits of a living hero. He had, in short, the gift of historical comparison, and the power of keeping past and present in their due relation to one another. Altogether we think Sir Roger's school of history, though not altogether the highest, is still, as things go, by no means to be despised. If many readers, and some writers, of history had read their books to as much purpose as Sir Roger de Coverley, it would certainly be all the better for them.

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.*

THIS is a deeply interesting, and we may almost add an exhaustive, account of the inveterate scourge of Southern Italy. Availing himself freely of the best sources of information, Mr. Hilton has succeeded in making a really valuable contribution to the means of comprehending current Italian history. His

* *Brigandage in South Italy.* By David Hilton. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1864.

style, it is true, cannot be called an attractive one. He is wanting in the perspicuity essential to the historian of a great national feature requiring many complex but distinct touches. But, bating every drawback, the book remains a serious and comprehensive historical essay. Mr. Hilton has been a diligent student of Colletta, the Tacitus of modern Italy; and few, if any, sources of special knowledge respecting brigandage and collateral social curses seem to have escaped his notice. This would be alone sufficient to claim for his narrative a certain degree of attention, and enough independent and original thought has been brought to the work to raise that claim considerably higher.

Mr. Hilton seems to regard brigandage as a necessary and inevitable consequence of some of the topographical features of Italy. As there are Apennines, so there must be brigands. "The brigands come with the leaves," says the national proverb; which means that, about the month of June, when the leaves are fully out, the brigands find the weather equally suitable for the occupation of tending their own flocks by day and stealing the sheep of other people by night. This is the starting-point of their season. About August, the attention of the Viceroy is attracted to their proceedings. An army is sent against them in September; there are many skirmishes in October and November; and in December the general goes back to Naples to report, for the hundredth time, that brigandage is extinguished in the provinces. In other words, the brigands have finished their campaign; and having, by the aid of the peasantry, eluded the vice-regal troops, and melted away before them, they are living peacefully in the remote villages of the higher valleys. As they came, so they go, with the leaves, only to reappear with them in the following season.

Besides having had the mountain ridges from time immemorial as their natural base, the brigands have been fostered and encouraged by the extraordinary absence of roads in the large districts of the Abruzzi, Calabria, and the Basilicata. Beyond the range of a very few principal lines, nothing, in the mountain region south of Rome, was done during the Empire towards the construction of roads. It will hardly be credited that in the districts just named, comprising more than half the Continental territory ruled by the Bourbons, the present Government found less than an average of one mile of highway to the area of a United States township. In the Basilicata one may travel ten or fifteen miles without meeting a village, and ninety-one out of its hundred and twenty-four communes are without roads at all.

So penetrated is Mr. Hilton with the notion of brigandage being indigenous to Central and Southern Italy, that he is more than half inclined to take away the character of the Samnites, and to regard them as having been no better than a nation of *sbanditi*. As for the Marsi and Peligni, he holds them to have been little superior to the bravos and assassins who composed a large portion of Cardinal Ruffo's army of *Santa Fede* in 1799. Catiline, again, relied more on the inhabitants of the Central and Southern Apennines than on the discontented and depraved classes of the capital. The tremendous success which a few years before had all but crowned the brilliant efforts of Spartacus—efforts which probably had a large influence upon the hopes of Catiline—would have been due, had it been achieved at all, to confidence placed in the same quarter. The parallel between the social condition of Southern Italy then and in the present century is very well sketched by Mr. Hilton:—

Then, as now, the lands were held by a few. The labourer was called a slave, but his condition was substantially that of the modern terrazzani, cafoni, and proletarii of the southern provinces. The provincial part of the nation was divided into two classes: a few proud and insatiable masters; many labourers living in abject misery, possessing absolutely nothing and having no real security for their own lives. These men were the natural allies of Spartacus, as the ill-paid and wretched labourers of the Basilicata are to-day of Tristany and Crocco.

The wars of Marius and Sylla, the civil tempests which were shaking the power of the Republic to its foundations, had first created and then set free a vast number of soldiers trained to plunder. These disbanded veterans constituted the most valuable part of the army of Catiline. In the same way, in all the modern developments of brigandage into political importance, the disbanded soldier has been found a most troublesome and dangerous brigand. The reason is simple. In nine cases in ten he had been a brigand or common malefactor before he became a soldier. Add to this, the almost universal injustice of the provincial authorities, and the exhaustless fountains of corruption which Rome contained within itself, and diffused throughout the Italian peninsula, and we shall have, perhaps on a grander scale, but with the same compound of injustice and despotism, the picture of the Bourbon administration in these provinces.

Simondoni, in the *Fall of the Roman Empire*, enumerates six classes of people during the first three centuries of the Imperial régime. The sixth class was made up of fugitives who, to escape from oppression, took to the woods and lived by robbery. In South Italy, under the Empire, it is reckoned that, after deducting the mountain refugees, nine-tenths of the rural population must have been poor colonists and slaves.

We could have welcomed with satisfaction a consecutive history of ancient and mediæval brigandage, as leading up to our own times. But the fact is that the materials do not exist. We have neither a history nor a poetry of the "masses" of South Italy from early in the Empire to late in modern times. The reality of their condition has, indeed, been worse than "all fancy fathoms"—

Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas. . . .
Tam multe scelerum facies; non ullus aratro
Dignus honos; squalent abductis arva coloniis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensen.

The extent of misrule and corruption in the territories lately

governed by the Bourbons made the words "*fas versum atque nefas*" no mere figure of language, but a naked fact. When an exiled Government or defeated party has been, as a matter of the most natural routine, ready to abet and to fee large bodies of guerrillas, and when every parish priest has had his benediction ready for the loyal robber and the religious murderer, the wide and rapid development of brigandage was a matter of course. But, beyond the influences of his local habitation and his worse than rotten government, there is something else which has helped to make the perfect brigand, and that is diversity of race. His origin accounts for the rural Neapolitan, and nothing else will. Asiatic, Carthaginian, Greek, Goth, and Saracen have probably helped to mingle the blood that flows in his veins, and the mixture has had its share in making and keeping him the monster of atrocity which he too often has been and is. His training in villany, during the feudal ages, was thorough and complete. The barons were the regular patrons of the *sbirri*, and began that astounding alliance between lawlessness and the ostensible representatives and guardians of order which may be seen even now in Italy. The extent of brigand excesses in cruelty and treachery is very seldom understood in our Northern and more orderly societies. An instance or two from Mr. Hilton's ample, ghastly, but carefully-chosen array of details will throw some light on the real nature of things. The old exploits of Hounslow Heath were mild and inoffensive frolics when contrasted with the unspeakable horrors of the Basilicata. Compared with Mammone, Parafante, or Boja, Dick Turpin is an angel. Mammone was a contemporary of the far-famed *Fra Diavolo* during the carnival of brigandage under the Parthenopean Republic. Then, as in more recent days, an old order of things was shaken, and the new was only nominally dominant. Priests gave absolution to the irregular but effective "servants of Ferdinand and the Church," and the Republic was too weak to afford its friends any protection worth having. In very early youth Gaetano Mammone had shown the tastes of a cannibal. He would hang about butchers' stalls in Sora, his native town, waiting an opportunity to put his mouth to the gashed throats of animals. In after life, this man, who subsequently retired on a pension of three thousand ducats assigned to him by Ferdinand, was accustomed, as a regular habit, to drain with his own lips the blood of his unlucky captives. He is confidently said to have amused himself by imitating the exact measurements of Procrustes. Boja was taken and hanged during the reign of Joseph Buonaparte. He was condemned to death at Cosenza, but the inhabitants of the place and neighbourhood clamorously demurred to the ridiculous burlesque of justice which, in their eyes, would be perpetrated if Boja were simply hanged and nothing more. They demanded, as a matter of right, that he should be first treated as he had habitually treated his own victims. The details are almost too horrible to repeat, but they are thoroughly well substantiated, and are only selected by Mr. Hilton from a mass of kindred cases. The habit of this demon had been to cut away the eyebrows, ears, nose, and lips of his captive, to keep him in custody until warm weather arrived, and then, having smeared his wounds with honey, to expose him for insects to devour. The French officers refused to be parties to the execution of a *vendetta* in kind, and the hideous savage was hanged, though several young men of Cosenza offered to relieve the military of the more protracted operation, and to perform it with their own hands. During the reign of Murat, Parafante signalized himself by an almost incredible combination of treachery and cruelty. It is appalling to find how generally South Italian brigandage has remained unrelieved by those bursts of generous feeling which one is accustomed to associate with the idea of a robber on the grand scale. Parafante on one occasion surprised a battalion of soldiers in a defile between Cosenza and Rogliano. First with stones, and then with volleys of musketry, he killed within twenty-five of the whole number. This small remainder he gathered round him under a tree, and, feigning clemency, offered the soldiers their lives on condition of their putting to death the only two surviving officers of the battalion. The alternative was to be death with torture. The soldiers at first refused; but the officers—whose names, Filangieri and Guarasi, deserve to be remembered—entreated, and at length commanded, them to comply. They did so; and the officers had hardly ceased to breathe when Parafante gave a signal to his men, and the whole of the wretched survivors were cruelly butchered. Taccone, in the same reign, captured, after a vigorous defence, the castle of Baron Federici, a bitter enemy of the Bourbons. Surrendering at last through want of ammunition, the Baron was solemnly assured that the persons of the inmates should be secure. In the face of this guarantee, the whole family were forced to join the brigands in a kind of "dance of death" round an enormous fire in which their own property was being consumed, and, one by one, every member was consigned to the flames, the females having first been subjected to the cruellest of all indignities. It must not be supposed, from these few specimens of its narrative portions, that Mr. Hilton's book is a "sensation" repository of anecdotes relating to brigandage. It would be hard to name a book with less of the "sensation" element about it. The simple fact seems to be that long ages—Mr. Hilton says twenty centuries—of lawlessness have bred among the more vicious and violent of the South Italian peasantry an Oriental callousness in the infliction of suffering, and an Oriental recklessness about human life. Choose and omit and curtail as he will, the historian of brigandage must still produce a narrative of horrors.

The two ruffians last mentioned, Parafante and Taccone, were

both hunted down and executed by General Manhès, the more than Claverhouse of Murat's reign. An extremely interesting sketch of his person and exploits is given in these volumes. He was a man of consummate military genius, and on a nobler field of action might have earned a great military reputation. Manhès was only thirty-two years of age when, in 1809, Murat laid on him the onerous task of "restoring order to the provinces." It went sorely against the grain with the high-minded young officer, and he made every effort to avoid undertaking the charge. But Murat knew his man. "As your friend I ask it," he said, "and as your king I command you." Having once entered on the duties of his commission, Manhès followed them up with iron resolution and amazing skill. His personal aspect was singularly well adapted to impress the minds of the peasantry. Standing with his head uncovered, and with his blonde hair flowing in ringlets about his neck, he inspired the people of the Abruzzi and the Basilicata with profound reverence, as a being more than mortal. His wonderful activity and unbending will soon impressed them still more powerfully, and, instead of swearing "By St. Devil," the mountaineers learned to invoke "St. Manhès." Without attempting to follow Mr. Hilton through his detailed account of this remarkable man, we will restrict ourselves to a single example of the penetrating intelligence with which Manhès seized the features of the popular character, and divined the way to mastery. An act of detestable treachery had been committed at Serra, on the sides of Aspromonte. The brigands of the district had signified their wish to surrender according to the published conditions of Manhès, and requested that, to save them from public indignity, the surrender might take place at night, and in a stipulated house. A Lieutenant Gérard, with the civil authorities of Serra, accepted the conditions, kept the appointment, and were all murdered. Manhès, with a small body of lances, hastened to Serra, and resolved to make an example of the town, the population of which had made no effort to punish the crime. But to arrive at the most effective way of reaching their sensibilities required much consideration. Sights of blood would not move them; to multiply executions would only be to throw away time and labour. He accordingly ordered the whole of the inhabitants to meet him in the public square on the following morning, and during the night resolved on his course. He, a layman, would excommunicate them. He had little doubt, knowing them intimately, that they would feel that; and he was not deceived. Early the next day they assembled. They expected a sack of the village, with a dozen or so of executions, and had spent the night in carrying out of reach what effects they could. Manhès spoke Italian excellently, and is described as "standing among them with his pale face and bared head, looking royal and grand as a divine person." His ban of excommunication (the substance of his striking speech is given in the narrative) fell like a thunder-bolt among the people. Their fright was terrible. The priests attempted to insinuate that the sentence could not be carried out, but they knew nothing of Manhès. Every man of them was removed under military escort to Maida, and there locked up in prison. Then the neighbouring militia received orders to draw a cordon round the condemned district. Manhès superintended the arrangements in person; and riding through the kneeling population, who begged him to kill them but not consign them to eternal torments, he left them to their fate. After an interval of misery, they killed or captured every brigand who had been concerned in the treachery, and were then restored by Manhès to the bosom of the Church. Of the personal activity of this remarkable man it is enough to say that he was the fitting successor of Colonel Hugo, father of Victor Hugo, who about a dozen years before had conducted the exciting chase of nine-and-twenty days which led to the capture of Fra Diavolo.

The last chapter in Mr. Hilton's first volume is devoted to an elaborate account of the extraordinary institution of the *Camorra*. The *Camorra* is a system of organized extortion, which has survived the Bourbon rule, and gives serious trouble to the present Government. Its origin is utterly uncertain; its name is conjectured to be that of a species of short coat worn by members of the society. Its leaders have usually been condemned criminals; its court was held in the dungeons of Naples. Even in a country where so much is strange, it is not one of the least strange anomalies that the *Camorra* once held, and still in great measure continues to hold, a place in the hearts and sympathies of the people. "It is said that the market-women turned pale with fright when, after the establishment of the new Government, they missed the *Camorrist* at the city gates. They did not feel sure of the contents of their baskets until they had paid their soldi to the *Camorra*." The reason is plain enough. Black mail, as they very well knew, had had to be paid to some one or other all through their own lifetimes, and in the lifetimes of their mothers and grandmothers back through immemorial time. It was at least a comfort to know to whom it had to be paid, and how much was expected on each transaction; moreover, if payments were regular, the *Camorra* extended a kind of protection over the helpless classes, much more valuable in many cases than any they could reckon on receiving from the Bourbon police. We can do no more than invite attention to the careful and interesting sketch of this institution given by Mr. Hilton. His second volume, embracing a narrative of the recent political brigandage, appears to us to be hardly so successful as the first. There is more scope in it for that spice of partisanship of

which we have spoken before as detracting from the confidence which we should like to feel in one who aspires to guide us through a very difficult chapter of modern history. Nor does Mr. Hilton shine as the *rédauteur* of intelligence with which his readers already have a certain degree of newspaper acquaintance. The great merit of his book is that, from a review of the past which was wanted, and which has been made comprehensive, it throws valuable light upon the present state and future hopes of South Italy. Those hopes, so far as they relate to the extinction of brigandage, depend entirely on the degree of firmness and perseverance with which successive Governments can carry out the difficult and complicated task of administering strict and strong-handed social justice, and promoting genuine education among the peasantry.

QUITE ALONE.*

QUITE ALONE is the story of a poor little child born of hard-hearted parents, systematically neglected by the unnatural authors of its being, and left dependent upon strangers for such scraps of care and kindness as they might be inclined to dole out to it. By a most remarkable coincidence, the history of the heroine is almost precisely that of the book which tells it. As the child was put to school, and for a while regularly paid for, and then left to be paid for by any one who liked, and finally taken charge of by a charitable stranger, so the infant novel was deposited with the proprietors of *All the Year Round*, and its growth and maintenance provided for by weekly remittances of copy from its parent. These, however, after a time ceased to come, and *Quite Alone* would have died of inanition but for a benevolent gentleman, "another hand," who in its extremity became a second father to the unfinished bantling. As may be easily imagined, it is, in consequence, altogether an exceptional novel. At the very outset it violates conventionality by having a most amusing and, it may be added, instructive preface. Never has such a touching picture of the agonies of a "Special Correspondent" been presented to the public as that which Mr. Sala draws in the preliminary pages. Few people will require to be informed that Mr. Sala is the author of the articles which have appeared from time to time, during the last twelve months, in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, under the suggestive heading of "America in the Midst of War." With a becoming modesty, he himself claims no higher dignity than that of simple "Correspondent"; but the *Telegraph*—very likely thinking that a handsome sounding title was just as cheap and far more effective—called him "Our Commissioner." If a Commissioner, the mission with which he was charged seems to have been to report upon the extreme nastiness of the Saratoga waters, the peculiar toughness of American beefsteaks, the cunning stratagems of the "baby" and the "striped pig," with the other devices by which the Maine Liquor Law is evaded, and such matters. He certainly did his work well, giving the result of his investigations with a quaint humour that is rare in scientific disquisitions, and quizzing the domestic manners of the Americans as amusingly as Mrs. Trollope, and somewhat more good-naturedly. Judged by his own descriptions, his life in America seemed to be a rather enviable one. He was constantly making pleasant excursions, the people were generally kind and hospitable, and the hotels abounded with toothsome "doins" and "fixings" of every description. But it was not so. Like the Lady of Burleigh—

A trouble weighed upon him,
And perplex'd him night and morn;

which pleasant society could not remove, nor punkin-pie alleviate. Ignorant of what was before him, undervaluing the distractions of a Special Correspondent's life, and perhaps over-confident in his own powers, he had bound himself to complete the story of *Quite Alone* while executing his mission for the *Telegraph*. Well or ill, feasting or fasting, he was pursued like a second Frankenstein by his own unlucky creation. Go where he might, it followed him, sadly demanding copy:—

Page by page [he says], like so many drops of blood, about two hundred slips of manuscript oozed from me between spring and summer. They were written with a hard lead pencil on slips of carbonized paper placed upon tissue. I was obliged to "manifold" my manuscript, to guard against the uncertainties of the post. They were written at intervals of many days, and of thousands of miles. They were written in a hammock in Cuba, on board steamers, in railway cars, in hotel verandahs, in the midst of noise, confusion, smoke, cursing and swearing, battle, murder, and sudden death.

All this time, of course, he had his weekly six or eight columns—descriptive, sarcastic, or humorous—to prepare for the readers of the *Daily Telegraph*. Little they thought, as they laughed at his jokes, that the back of the joker was breaking. The novel he left behind him was "the thirteenth labour of Hercules, the last straw; and it broke his back." He lost the thread of his narrative, he forgot the very names of his *dramatis persone*, and at about the fiftieth chapter he broke down altogether. This, of course, was rather awkward for *All the Year Round*; but, fortunately for its credit with the public, a handy gentleman was speedily found to whom Mr. Sala's characters and properties were delivered, and the story was brought to as satisfactory an end as was possible under the circumstances. Of all the sufferers, the one we pity the most is the unfortunate substitute. If Mr. Sala's position is unpleasant, he, as he candidly admits, has only

* *Quite Alone*. By George Augustus Sala. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

himself to thank for it; the mishap cannot make any material difference to *All the Year Round*, or to the publishers; and, if the reading public loses anything in neatness of workmanship, it gains a curiosity in literature, and a very droll apologetic preface. But it is impossible not to feel some commiseration for the unhappy gentleman who found himself suddenly put in possession of a number of characters, incidents, and situations of another man's begetting, and compelled to make use of them whether he approved of them or not, and without the least idea of the original intentions of the inventor; all this, too, without the slightest chance of any credit to himself, and with the conviction that under any circumstances the job must be an unsatisfactory one to all parties. Very properly Mr. Sala admits himself "infinitely beholden to the gentleman who, at a very brief notice, addressed himself to such an unthankful task."

An affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation, and there is a good-humoured candour about Mr. Sala's apology which is quite irresistible. At any rate, it completely disarms hostile criticism, for what can one say about a work begun, continued, and ended in the manner we have described, except that this is not the way to write a good novel? which, after all, is nothing more than is admitted by the author himself when he says *culpa mea* so fervently. It is impossible to criticize seriously a plot for which no one is responsible. If we object to the beginning, Mr. Sala will say he meant to make it all right at the end; if we object to the end, the "other hand" will naturally say he was fettered by Mr. Sala's beginning.

The story, it will be seen, is in three distinct parts—the first written deliberately and calmly in England; the second composed in America, under the difficulties mentioned in the preface; and the third by Mr. Sala's successor. Lily, the heroine, is the offspring of an ill-advised marriage between a Mr. Blunt, a *roué* and dandy of the Regency type, and a French actress whose beauty is only equalled by her diabolical disposition. The father, deserting his wife in Brussels, carries the child with him to London, where he puts her out to nurse, and afterwards to school, and then troubles himself no more about her. She has, however, a good friend in one M. Constant, the confidential valet of her father, and an old lover and early benefactor of her mother, who takes upon himself the charges of her education and maintenance. When she is about seven years old she is smuggled away, carried off to Paris, and immured in a dreary *pension* by the mother, who adopts this mode of punishing her runaway husband, and at the same time gratifying her own vengeance by making his child suffer. For several years Lily leads a miserable life in the *pension*, but is at last rescued by a kind-hearted Abbé, who induces a charitable old lady of his acquaintance to take charge of her. Here Mr. Sala goes to America. Mr. Blunt commits suicide, and is brought to the Morgue. His wife turns up as the "Wild Woman of Madagascar," at a booth in the Champs Elysées, and subsequently as Madame Ernestine at a circus in London. Lily falls in love with the nephew of her benefactress, runs away, is captured by the Wild Woman, and put under a fresh course of ill-treatment. Here Mr. Sala breaks down. The property handed over to the assignee is in a rather involved state, and that gentleman exercises a wise discretion in winding up affairs as quickly as possible. Madame Ernestine, whose character has become hopeless during Mr. Sala's sojourn in America, is got rid of by a fall from her horse in the circus, the heroine is provided with a rich uncle and a proper husband, and the worthy M. Constant is rewarded with a fashionable West-end hotel.

Of these three divisions the first is the only one that calls for any remark. The second is rambling and disconnected, which is not surprising, considering it was written in railway cars and steamers, and at intervals of many days and thousands of miles; and, of the third, all that can be said is that the execution is about as good as could be expected in such an enforced job. The story under any circumstances would have been very slight, and in making it so Mr. Sala acted wisely. He has neither the patience nor the peculiar sort of invention requisite for the construction of an elaborate and complicated plot. Description is his strong point, and he does best with just so much story as may serve as a peg to hang his pictures upon. Nor does he shine particularly in character-drawing. The child Lily is certainly pretty and childlike, but she grows up to be rather insipid; and as for her French mother, she is simply a monster. If the mothers of France in general were like her, it would be easy to account for the tiger side of the French character. But the bits of description scattered through the first part are undeniable; for instance, that of the Hôtel Ratanplan, Leicester Place, Leicester Square, with its queer staff of functionaries, from M. Désiré Ratanplan himself down to the poodle Azor—a sketch so pre-Raffaellite in its details that one almost catches the fragrance of that Sabean odour, suggestive of the manufacture of soup, which always hangs about the haunts of the Gallic exile in London. Hotels appear to be favourite studies with Mr. Sala. His knowledge of them is as extensive and peculiar as Sam Weller's, and he dwells on their humours with an evident fondness for the subject. Equally good in its way is the *ménage* of the old Legitimist Baronne Madame de Kergolay. Indeed, all the pictures of French life are good, but it would be a decided improvement if Mr. Sala exercised a little wholesome restraint over his power of writing French-English. He certainly writes it very well—better, perhaps, than any one except Thackeray—and no doubt it is quaint and droll to read; but it

should be introduced sparingly, else it loses its humour and becomes monotonous.

There seems to be a certain fate which always interferes to prevent Mr. Sala's novels from being finished in a perfectly satisfactory manner. In this instance, however, he intends to struggle against it manfully:—

If [he says] the public will receive the first edition of *Quite Alone* in a tolerant and charitable spirit, and if the demand for it should warrant the issue of another edition, it will be my duty and pleasure to complete it according to the original plan mapped out, and to the very best of my ability.

This reminds us rather of the practice said to prevail in schools conducted on the economical principles of Dotheboys Hall, where a boy was never helped to meat until he had first taken off his appetite on pudding. We hope, however, the public will take the hint, and that Mr. Sala will, for once, do justice to himself. The public, no doubt, is willing enough to do justice to him—*mais, que M. Sala commence.*

ARCTIC ADVENTURE.*

GOOD taste and judicious abbreviation might have made of these two large volumes a work of more moderate size and of much greater popularity. The author is apt to be tediously prolix in the narrative, particularly in his extracts from his journal; to repeat over and over again certain of his principal discoveries, none of which are of extreme importance; and to dwell at great length on his own feelings of pleasure, disappointment, impatience, satisfaction, anger, and forgiveness, in a manner not calculated to make a favourable impression on the reader. The religious ejaculations and reflexions with which the story of his travels is interlarded are particularly offensive to English taste. Men of really reverential spirit do not care to acquaint the world with the thoughts that filled their hearts or rose to their lips as they witnessed wonders of creation previously unknown to them; and those who find such thoughts recorded in set words on every suitable occasion are far from being edified by a piety too ostentatious to obtain sympathy, and too obtrusive not to provoke suspicion and impatience. Mr. Hall's countrymen may perhaps be less sensitive to the defects which mar the character of his book than his English readers; for they are defects very common in American writings, and seem to belong rather to the nation than to the individual citizen. When we have said that Mr. Hall writes like an American who has time and paper to spare, we have said our worst of his volumes. They contain not a little that is new, and much that is very interesting. Had the author been a man of scientific attainments and thorough intellectual training, he might perhaps have profited still more largely by such opportunities of observation, in a field so imperfectly known, as have seldom fallen to the lot of an educated man; but as it is, his observation seems to have been accurate and his industry indefatigable, and he has collected much information, and many amusing stories concerning the inhabitants of the Arctic regions, which will well repay the reader's trouble. To many of those who take most interest in such works it will be a recommendation that these volumes are entirely free from scientific technicalities, long lists of plants with Latin names, and disquisitions on the fauna and flora of the frozen lands; and that, in place of matters intelligible only to the few, we have such anecdotes of the habits and peculiarities of the wild creatures of the North as every schoolboy can understand and enjoy. Though somewhat pretentious in regard to the professed purpose and the actual results of his explorations, the author is simple and straightforward in telling what he saw and heard; and hundreds who have forgotten their interest in the fate of Franklin's expedition, and who care not a straw whether there be a North-west passage or not, will read with pleasure how the Esquimaux hunter tries to charm the seal by song and shout while he creeps within striking distance, and how the Polar bear is said to despatch the huge and formidable walrus.

Mr. Hall took a vivid interest in the attempts that were made to discover what had become of Sir John Franklin and his companions; and he was inclined to agree with some of the friends of the unfortunate explorer, in opposition to the general opinion of the public and of those responsible for the determination, that enough had not been done, and that further efforts should be made and new risks incurred to ascertain the fate of those who were known to have survived Sir John Franklin, and to have quitted the ships on the 25th of April, 1848. In 1860, having obtained from friends in Ohio and elsewhere a supply of necessities for the purpose, and a boat suited for expeditions in the Arctic waters, he took a passage on board a whaler for Holsteinborg in Greenland. From thence he went on to the shores of Frobiisher's Straits; and in these neighbourhoods he spent two years, now on board the whaler, and now living among the Esquimaux. The blockade of Davis's Straits by the ice detained the ship there till the summer of 1862. It is only when we read the narrative of those who have been separated from the world during an eventful period that we fully realize the greatness and suddenness of changes to which we have ourselves become accustomed. When the *George Henry* sailed, preparations were making as for an ordinary Presidential contest; Mr. Buchanan was still Chief Magistrate of the

* *Life with the Esquimaux.* Narrative of Capt. C. F. Hall, of the Whaling Barque *George Henry*, from the 29th May, 1860, to the 13th September, 1862. With Maps and One Hundred Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

Union, and the idea that he might possibly be the last who should fill that office was confined to a few hot-headed Southerners and a small and most unpopular sect of fanatics in the North. For two years she heard nothing of her country or the civilized world; when she returned, and her crew eagerly inquired, of the first ship they met, "Who was President?" they learned to their amazement and dismay that the Union was a thing of the past, and that for more than a year the whole energies of their countrymen had been absorbed in a desperate and mortal war between North and South. Mr. Hall is one of the few Americans whose heart is not even yet devoted either to the war, or to making money out of it; and since the publication of his narrative he has returned to the frozen regions, to renew his search for the traces of Franklin's surviving comrades.

During the two years that he has already spent on the Northern Seas, Mr. Hall has not accomplished anything in that direction. If traces of Franklin's expedition, other than those already discovered, do exist, they will be found far to the west of the region to which his inquiries were confined. All that he has discovered is the not very important fact that Frobisher's Straits are not straits at all, but a bay, into which flows a river of some size abounding in fish, and on the shores of which, in some parts, abundance of game is to be seen. But he has laid the foundations of a future expedition which may have greater results. He made himself familiar with the habits, character, and dialect of the people; acquired influence and popularity among them; learned to live as they live, in their homes, with their clothing, and on their food; and made himself acquainted with their mode of handing down the traditions of the past. In their traditions he has a confidence which is perhaps exaggerated, arising from the substantial coincidence of their accounts of the white men who had formerly (in 1576 and the following years) come into Frobisher's Bay, and left some of their number behind on Kodlunarn (White Man's Isle) with what is recorded by Frobisher himself and proved by the relics left on the island. The particulars given, however, are so vague that the coincidence does not prove much. Still, if a little can be accurately remembered for three centuries, it is probable, as Mr. Hall observes, that a full and correct account of the fate of Franklin's companions might be obtained from those who met with them only sixteen years back, provided always that nothing happened which the natives may wish to conceal. Friendly as were the tribes with whom Mr. Hall came in contact, there are others whose hostility to the white man has been proved by more than one fatal collision. Still, he thinks there is ground for hoping that something may be ascertained, perhaps even some survivors found; and if any one can accomplish this, Mr. Hall is the man. Only one who can speak the tongue, who is accompanied by faithful Esquimaux interpreters like the couple he has secured, who can live in a snow-house, eat raw meat and whale-skin and reindeer's paunch, and dress in skins, can safely venture on a journey on which shelter and fuel are not to be found, and cannot be carried.

The Esquimaux, or, as they call themselves, Innuits, are described as a doomed race; dying out slowly, not so much from the influence of contact with the white man as from the severe privations of their life, the accidents to which they are exposed, and the scanty number of children born to parents who seem to dread them as a burden on their hardly-tasked energies. They are a kindly and hospitable people, living without subordination or government, yet seldom quarrelling; being, indeed, so few and scattered that we rarely read of more than a dozen men being at any time together. They have customs, which they observe with a devout conservatism, because "the first Innuits did so," and they pay a superstitious homage to the *angeko*, or medicine-man. Mr. Hall witnessed several incantations, sometimes accompanied by practical applications, and affirms that on many occasions the patient who invoked them was visibly relieved thereby. Their domestic life seems to be happy, in spite of its hardships; the man providing for his household by hunting, the wife being charged with all other work. Polygamy is common, and divorce not unknown, but, in general, members of the same family seem to be attached to one another. The temper of both sexes is, on the whole, gentle and forbearing; the children are always tenderly treated, and never visited with personal chastisement; the women are not always so fortunate. Unbounded hospitality is the rule of Esquimaux life. When the hunter has killed a seal or a bear, however great may be the prospective need of his family, all the neighbours are invited to share with him while anything is left. The stranger is equally free; and, says Mr. Hall, if one house is in want, you will generally find that all the others are in the same plight. One form of feminine kindness is peculiar to the Innuits. When a man, be he a friend or stranger, enters an Inuit's house with half-frozen feet—a frequent occurrence—the hostess will unfasten her skin jacket, pull off his shoes and leggings, and warm his bare feet in her own bosom. Mr. Hall confesses himself to have been indebted to this charitable usage on more than one occasion, perhaps for the preservation of his limbs.

The Inuit lives by the chase. Patience and skill in hunting are his accomplishments; a knowledge of the habits of the creatures whose spoils furnish him with food, clothing, and fire, is the staple of his education. A hunter will watch for two days and as many nights, still and silent, at a spot where his spear has sounded the snow, and found a seal's breathing-hole, bored through eight or ten feet of ice. The instant that he hears the seal blow, he must be prompt to strike, or the creature may escape him. The

bear is a more dangerous and more exciting object of chase. He is the only fierce and formidable creature of the frozen seas, and he is a truly awkward enemy. The reindeer furnishes the bulk of the Inuit's clothing, and helps to cover his summer tent and line his snow-hut in the winter. The walrus and the whale furnish not only meat and clothing, but blubber also—and blubber is the Inuit's fuel. But the seal is the chief blessing, the choicest prize of this laborious people. His skin is an excellent covering for bed or tent; his flesh is the favourite food, of which the people are never tired—the daily bread of the Esquimaux; and his fat fills their lamps. These lamps are their stoves and fire-places. They appear, from the engraving, to be large basins of stone set on three legs. The basin is a thick hollow slice from a cone, elliptical at top and bottom, the latter being very much the wider of the two. This is filled with blubber and oil expressed by chewing, in which float a number of wicks. These wicks, when lighted, diffuse sufficient warmth to dry wet clothing, and make more endurable the temperature of a snow-hut. They also cook such victuals as are not eaten raw. But for the most part the Inuit eats his food with no assistance from cookery. The blood and the entrails are especial dainties.

From his savage fellow-denizens of the Arctic wastes the Esquimaux has learnt many a hint useful to him, at home and in the chase. From the bear he learnt how to kill the walrus, and how to use the young seal as a decoy for the mother; also how to charm the seal. It is said that the bear, when he sees the walrus reposing at the foot of a cliff, will climb to the top and fling down a huge stone on the unwieldy brute's skull, calculating the angle with the accuracy of a billiard player. He will creep up to the seal on his belly, "talking" the while to divert its attention, until he comes within springing distance. And he will break open the seal's hut, seize the young one there deposited, and holding it by one flipper, let it flounder about near the breathing-hole until the mother can be inveigled within his reach. All these tricks have been copied by the Inuit. From the seal's hut, of which we have spoken, he also copies his winter dwelling. The seal builds or excavates in the snow a hemisphere of some two-and-a-half feet radius, in which the new-born cub is deposited. The hut of the Inuit is built of blocks of snow on the same principle and in the same form, though of course of much greater size. Windows are made of transparent membranes. To prevent the entrance of cold by the door, a passage of a circuitous kind leads to the outer air, through which the incomer must creep on hands and knees. The inside of the hut or *igloo* is frequently lined with skins, to prevent dripping from the roof, and then appears to be the most comfortable home that the conditions of the country—in the absence of wood, and the impossibility of hewing stone during winter, together with its rottenness in such a climate—will allow; very much better than the tupic or skin tent of the summer.

The Esquimaux dogs should not pass unmentioned. They are even more valuable than the camel to the Arab, or the reindeer to the Laplander; for they are not only beasts of burden, but assistants in the chase. They carry loads, they draw the sledges; they also point out the seal's breathing-hole under the unbroken snow, and track the bear or the reindeer. On more than one occasion, a clever dog brought safe home a traveller who had lost his way on the trackless ice; at another time the same dog followed up a wounded deer, killed him, with the help of some comrades, cutting his throat with his teeth; and then, leaving the carcass untouched, returned for several miles to the ship, and teased his masters till he persuaded them to follow him, and recover the prey of which they had despaired. When Mr. Hall first bought him, this dog, Barbekark by name, proved his quality in a less honourable way. Mr. Hall had ranged his pack in a circle, and fed them with dried fish, one to each at a time. Barbekark took his in due order; and then, cunningly slipping out of his place when his master had passed on, forced his way in a little further on in the circle, to receive another; repeating this manoeuvre so often as to be fed three or four times while Mr. Hall made the circle once, securing at least three turns for one. When made aware, by being repeatedly passed over, that his stratagem was detected, he broke from the circle and, crouching at his owner's feet, endeavoured to manifest his contrition and obtain pardon. Many of the tricks so laboriously instilled into spaniels and poodles, and made the subject of exhibition, are far less remarkable as proofs of sagacity and cleverness than this original device of canine ingenuity.

The chapter on the religion and language of the Esquimaux, which concludes the second volume, contains a few suggestive observations. Whence, for instance, that belief apparently common to all races of men, which places Heaven above and Hell below us? Whence the less general but very common idea of pollution in the touch of a corpse, which causes the Innuits to shut up their dying in an *igloo*, and there leave them to their fate—in fact, to bury them alive? Whence the curious rules which forbid women to sew after men have begun to hunt? The philological information is scanty, but interesting. The derivation of Esquimaux—from the Chippeway "ish-ke," raw; "Aish-ke-um-oog" (corrupted into Eskemoog), eaters of raw flesh—is at least plausible. A very curious phenomenon is to be observed in the numerals, of which ten is said to be the highest in use:—

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 2. Mukko. | 7. Mokkenik. |
| 3. Pingasuit. | 8. Pingasunik. |
| 4. Tessamen. | 9. Tessamenik. |

There are no other correspondences observable. These names would suggest that *nik* meant "five." But five is "Tedlamen." Probably the explanation is that the names are given from the fingers. Thus, though the first and last of each hand have distinct names, *seven* is "two of the left," *eight* "three of the left," and *nine* "four of the left." Apparently this explanation did not occur to Mr. Hall, or he would have told us the Inuit words for left and right.

We ought not to take leave of these volumes without noticing the execution of the woodcuts and engravings by which it is embellished. These are generally well done; and, in some cases of peculiar difficulty, as in the representation of the Northern Lights, they display no inconsiderable skill and care. They convey, too, an idea of the form and appearance of many of the most interesting scenes and objects described by Mr. Hall much more clear than could possibly be gathered from his text. We believe that he is himself the author of at least the minor sketches with which these volumes are embellished. If this be so, we hope that on his next expedition he will trust a little more to his pencil, and a little less to his pen, to reproduce before his readers the sights that have surprised and delighted himself.

FURIOSO.*

ANY new and well-authenticated facts relating to the youth of Beethoven would appeal to a public in England quite as curiously interested, if not quite as numerous, as in Germany. The scanty information comprised in Schindler's *Biography*—a work possessing at least the merit of trustworthiness, to say nothing of its Boswellian minuteness—is nearly all that English Beethovenists unfamiliar with the German language have to consult. And even our translation was made from the edition published in 1840 (at Münster), now superseded by another, with important emendations and additions. Mr. Moscheles, under whose supervision the English Schindler was ushered through the press, might reasonably have included in his design the *Biographische Notizen* of Dr. F. G. Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries, and thus in some measure have supplied the most notable deficiency in Schindler's book. Wegeler was the chosen friend of the great musician's early life. Ries—the son of Franz Ries, another constant associate in the happy days at Bonn—was his favourite pupil, years after, at Vienna, when the name of Beethoven had become European. What these two have published, if by no means voluminous, is precious just in the same sense as the *Biography* of Schindler, and may be accepted without suspicion as the result of frequent intercourse, lively sympathy, and intelligent observation. Both might doubtless have written more. Wegeler first knew Beethoven in 1782; and though there was a difference of five years in their ages—Beethoven being twelve, and Wegeler seventeen—they contracted a friendship which was maintained on the closest terms until 1787, when the latter was called to Vienna. The intimacy was subsequently renewed on Wegeler's return, and continued uninterrupted till 1792, when Beethoven himself left Bonn to settle in the Austrian capital. In 1794, however, Wegeler again went to Vienna, where he stayed two years, and scarcely a day passed without the friends meeting. For this we have his own authority:—

So trafen wir mit den nümlichen ungeschwächten Gefühlen abermals zusammen, und nun verging nur selten ein Tag ohne dass wir uns sahen.

After the expiration of this period, Wegeler (who returned to Bonn in 1796) never saw Beethoven. The memory of their early attachment was, nevertheless, affectionately preserved, and communication by letter was kept up from the time of their separation. Beethoven, absorbed in his art, was but a fitful correspondent, and even allowed years to pass without writing; but to compensate for this irregularity, he would, at the termination of such intervals, address letters to Wegeler, or to his wife—the Eleonora von Breuning mentioned in all the biographies—so eloquent and touching as effectively to disarm reproach. Then there were the letters of Stephan von Breuning, Wegeler's brother-in-law, to fill up the gaps left by Beethoven's occasional reticence. Ries, on the other hand—constantly with Beethoven during the most fertile period of his creative activity (from 1800 to 1805, and again in 1809), when one masterpiece followed another, in astonishing variety, from the oratorio *Christus am Oelberge* and the great third symphony (*Eroica*) to *Eleonore, oder die eheliche Liebe* (the first version of *Fidelio*), the *Sonata Appassionata* and the fourth pianoforte concerto (in G)—enjoyed so many chances of personal observation, and was so completely in the master's confidence, that we are hardly inclined to consider the desultory string of anecdotes, letters, &c., of which his share of the *Notizen* consists, however interesting in themselves and as memoranda invaluable, a satisfactory account of his stewardship. Though he cannot justly be charged with indifference, and made no pretence to literary skill, it must occur, to any one who reflects, that with the opportunities at his disposal a vast deal more might have been recorded of the remarkable man to whom Ries himself, not less than the art which he practised with considerable ambition and success, lay under such deep and lasting obligation. The shortcomings of Wegeler, who for thirty years was no nearer to Beethoven than the Rhine to the Danube, although he too could have exhibited more zeal, may be viewed under different circumstances, and his plea that, "in Beethoven's *Werken* lebt seine ganze Seele; er hat seine Freuden

und Leiden hingelegt; sie sind seine eigentliche Biographie," &c., may be accepted, as well-meaning if not exactly new. This sentence forms part of the *Nachtrag zu den biographischen Notizen*, prepared by Wegeler in anticipation of the fêtes which celebrated the inauguration of Beethoven's statue at Bonn, in August 1845.*

It must have been shortly after the Bonn Festival that Wegeler, in his last illness, confided to Dr. Wolfgang Müller the "Diary," out of which, if we may believe Mr. Oct. Glover—not the English translator, but the "Editor" of the English translation—the pages of *Furioso* were concocted. In reviewing this romance—for it is nothing else—any allusions to the genuine Beethoven literature would perhaps have been superfluous but for reasons which will presently appear. Some time since, a series of papers were contributed to Westermann's *Illustrirte deutsche Monats-Hefte*†, by a Dr. Wolfgang Müller. These professed to be founded upon a diary and verbal communications which Müller had received from Beethoven's friend, Dr. Wegeler. Mr. Glover, to whom we are exclusively indebted for the information, goes on to explain that "a natural reluctance had hitherto restrained" Dr. Wegeler—who, in his *Nachtrag*, just cited, was believed to have spoken his last word about Beethoven, already (in 1845) eighteen years dead—"from publishing the details of his own boyhood's intimacy" with the renowned composer:—

This intimacy [says Mr. Glover], which is so apparent in the following narration, guarantees the faithfulness of the portrait of the great master here displayed. The particulars of his early struggles, and the dawning of his genius, will be mostly new to the public. In Schindler's *Life of Beethoven* the youth of the composer is very superficially treated, while the latter part of his life, from the time when he settled in Vienna, is treated at considerable length. This biography, therefore, and the present, are supplementary to each other, for *Furioso* is rich in reminiscences of Beethoven's boyhood, but touches slightly on the latter part of his life.

We are thus asked to accept the diverting pages of *Furioso* as veritable biography. The claim is preposterous, and, coming from any one less unacquainted with his subject than the "Editor" of the English version, would be rejected without comment. But Mr. Glover seems to labour under the conviction that, excepting Schindler's *Biography*, nothing of the smallest account has been written about Beethoven. True, he informs us that "in Schindler's *Memoir* a sketch of Beethoven's life by Wegeler is referred to"; but of what that sketch consists he is evidently ignorant.

It is only an outline [he says] not marked by the unreserve remarkable in the present volume. This unreserve, the friendly confidence to which the reader is admitted, and introduced to the most private family scenes, is one of the principal charms of the work before us.

But who is the medium of introduction? Certainly not Beethoven, and as certainly not Wegeler. Beethoven wrote nothing of himself; Wegeler told all he had to tell in his *Notizen*, and in the *Nachtrag*, published seven years later. If he had had more to communicate, he would have communicated it there. Our medium is, therefore, Dr. Wolfgang Müller, contributor of serial articles to Westermann's *Monats-Hefte*, with whose full approval we are consoled to learn that the translation of *Furioso* is offered to the English public. The "Diary" mentioned by Mr. Glover, who has a very imperfect notion of the responsibility he assumes, can scarcely be any other than the one from which Wegeler must have drawn up his own *Notizen*. The "verbal communications" of a man of fourscore may be viewed indulgently; but, even with this proviso, we should find it difficult to acquit Dr. Wolfgang Müller of having drawn upon his imagination as far as he deemed necessary to render his narrative inviting. The Germans delight in a species of fiction which bears the name of "art-novel." In an "art-novel" the hero is ordinarily some celebrated painter, poet, musician, as the case may be, the leading incidents of whose life are used as a substructure, and the rest built up according to the fancy of the author, who can make his "artist" do as many strange things and talk as many commonplaces as he finds expedient. *Furioso* is just one of these art-novels. It opens in the conventional manner of the late G. P. R. James:—

One bright June morning, in the year 1785, might have been seen among the low grounds at the foot of the Seven mountains lying between Königs-winter and the Oelberg, a slight, well-grown youth, in the dress of a student of the period. A three-cornered hat covered his head, the usual peruke hung down his neck; a brown coat with a standing collar, yellow breeches, and coloured stockings with low cut shoes, completed his attire. Attached to his shoulder by a green ribbon, &c.

This the reader may be led to expect is an animated picture of young Beethoven. By no means; it is an animated picture of young Wegeler. And, indeed, in a large part of Dr. Müller's narrative, Wegeler figures as a personage no less conspicuous than the one who holds the "Titelrolle"—than, in short, "*Furioso*." We can readily understand the moribund octogenarian, in his talks with friend Müller, looking back fondly through the mist of half a century, and believing it quite natural that, when asked about Beethoven, the question was meant, as a matter of course, to apply to Beethoven in connexion with himself; but surely Dr. Müller might have suppressed thus much of the "verbal communications," if only to give more space to his hero. After four whole pages devoted to Wegeler, we are dragged in his company half way up the Oelberg—another picturesque description, in the style of G. P. R. James, introducing us to another picturesque character:—

Straining his eyes to the summit, he beheld a short muscular form, whose

* "Und so mische sich in den Festjabel, nicht blos geduldet, sondern auch gern aufgenommen, dieses anspruchlose Wort freundlichen Andenkens."—*Nachtrag*, p. 30.

† Westermann's *illustrirte deutsche Monats-Hefte für das gesammte geistige Leben der Gegenwart*—published, monthly, at Brunswick.

* *Furioso*; or, *Passages from the Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*. From the German. London: Bell & Daldy. 1865.

long dark hair and garments were alike the sport of the tempest. This singular individual seemed little mindful of the elements; on the contrary, he appeared to the student quite at his ease among them, as he judged from the ecstatic gesticulations with which he flung his arms in the air, and appeared to court their approach. Or was the systematic waving to and fro of the stick that he held in his right hand intended to beat time to this display of their fury? It would indeed seem so, as suddenly he cried aloud, "Now an allegro!" A flash of lightning succeeded this command, terminating in a roll of continued thunder. "Adagio maestoso!" he then vociferated. And, apparently upon his bidding, followed an equally protracted growl of thunder. "Prestissimo furioso!" shouted the weather director, and, exactly as if the heavens were really subservient to his commands, now resounded a tumultuous crash of elements, answering to a wild symphony in which one strain or instrument strives to drown another. The student felt himself quite awed before this mysterious conductor of the tempest, who in the light of the last flash seemed to be encircled with sparks (!) Then, as suddenly as it had clouded over, the upper current of the atmosphere now cleared. The sky above became blue, and the peak of the Oelberg stood out like a rocky island amid the sea of clouds that enveloped the mountain beneath. The student looked once more at the figure above him, whom he now saw quietly seated.

The storm-directing youth is Beethoven—Beethoven at fifteen, under the intellectual tutelage of Wegeler at twenty. Was all this in the "Diary"?—or was it verbally communicated to Müller sixty years after it occurred?—or is it simply the offspring of Müller's own brain? We incline to the last proposition, and the more so inasmuch as, a little way on, Beethoven, *alias* "Furioso," is made to utter such nonsense as the following:—

"That was a symphony, from God's very heart!" exclaimed he, springing up. "Such a one is beyond Haydn and Mozart. They are grand, charming, spirited, playful in their creations. But to my mind they are wanting in that depth and power that swells through men's very hearts, and speaks to them without the aid of a poet, as they traverse the stormy paths of life."

The most careless reader will not fail to perceive in this rodomontade a sort of theatrical prophesy of the Storm movement in the "Pastoral Symphony." But apart from the pomposity of the speech, how could a boy of fifteen summers, who had never left Bonn, and had never heard grand orchestras, be sufficiently well versed in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart to tax them conscientiously with the want of "depth and power," &c. which, we may presume, we are intended to understand as marking their inferiority to those subsequently composed by Beethoven himself? From Wegeler (the genuine Wegeler) we hear much of the earnest sincerity of young Beethoven's nature, and his utter abhorrence of display; but the words here put into his lips by Dr. Müller—for if they were in Wegeler's "Diary," Wegeler would be no better authority than the Doctor—are the words of an upstart puppy, destitute of that reverence for the great and good which is the most engaging attribute of youth.

The rest of the chapter is absorbed by a conversation of which Wegeler takes the lion's share. Not content with a history of the convent of Heisterbach, a history of Cæsarius, and a history of Walter of Mappes, the redoubtable talker vociferates a Latin song, in tones that "resound through the forest." This is on their way to the convent, which, breaking off in the midst of a metaphysical disquisition, Wegeler extols as an excellent refectory:—

"But enough of this. See, in yonder valley lies the convent of Heisterbach. Let us pay the monks a visit. They have always a substantial morsel and a dainty flask to offer to travelling students."

(Surely the foregoing may be met with somewhere in James.) At the convent the hospitable monks are as much astonished by Wegeler's fluent Latin as by "Furioso's" performance on the organ; and while the two friends are taking their departure, the Abbot interrogates them as follows:—

"One moment; I wish to know the name of the student." "FRANZ GERHARD WEGELER," answered the tall youth. "And how is the young artist called?" "My name," cried the boy, looking back, "is Ludwig van Beethoven!"

Wegeler and Beethoven! Does not this recall the dwarf and the giant, in Voltaire's *Micromégas*? It is sad to contemplate the respectable Wegeler in so absurd a position, but Dr. Müller alone is answerable. Everywhere he makes Wegeler act the same conspicuous part; everywhere is he monitor, referee, chider, comforter, adjudicator, absolver, and setter-to-rights.

(To be continued.)

RIMMEL'S BOOK OF PERFUMES.*

THE old satirist who asked, "Why does not somebody write a book on something that he understands?" seems to be answered very completely in a literary fashion that has recently come up. Some enterprising tradesmen—disdaining the practice of the olden time when Warren kept a poet, and the latter days when Moses retained a pamphleteer—have rushed into print, not merely as ephemeral *littérateurs*, but as writers of books. That the production is invariably devoted to the history and illustration of the shopkeeper's own trade does not make it the less a book, for the mind must be really prejudiced that could call an octavo volume a puff. One thing is remarkably gratifying. Of old, the men of the warehouse and the shop had to employ authors, and the advertising tailor had his two sets of "eminent hands" fully engaged—one set "cutting out," the other singing hymns to the scientific scissors. But the modern tradesman is far above his predecessor—he "writes himself." Mr. Rimmel, in the volume before us, has treated general history much as he would a mass of

materials from which essences were to be extracted or expressed. He has squeezed out of ancient and modern writers every insignificant allusion that could bear on the subject he had in hand, and on other subjects only remotely connected with it, and has served the whole up in a perfumed volume, prettily bound. An account of the toilets in vogue in different ages of the "fashionable world" forms the basis, but the matter is minced up and mixed with quotations more or less apposite, and not very carefully arranged. That the writer has not a very "light hand" in the making of the literary pie-crust required may easily be supposed; to him perfumes are not a frivolous byway theme—they constitute the serious work of his life. We presume that Mr. Rimmel, when he is not suffering from dyspepsia, indulges in bright dreams of an odorous millennium, when all mankind will be led by the nose, when party colours will be replaced by party perfumes, when whippers-in will not trust a partisan until they can "nose him in the lobby," and when the great perfumer will reap a large profit from "this flower and quintessence of change." We suppose that it was in one of these dreams that Mr. Rimmel wrote, as in this volume, that "Perfumery was studied and cherished by all the nations which held in turn the sceptre of civilization." This is not enough; we should have the *propter hoc*. We should have it proved that Alexander was a scented Greek when he conquered Darius, the primitive monarch of an inodorous race; that the "hardy Norsemen" invariably used scented handkerchiefs; that the English exported to India not only the sword of Clyde and the wit of Hastings, but the very best smelling-salts; and that the Germans long lorded it over the Italians mainly through the superiority of their Eau de Cologne. A rough critic might be angry at an author who "smells so sweet, and shines so brisk, and talks so like a waiting gentlewoman"—but it is refreshing to look for a while at revolutions from the rosewater point of view. It is an admirable corrective to Mr. Carlyle to hear a perfumer philosophically point out the historical "moral shut within the bosom of the rose."

Mr. Rimmel gives us, at all events, a very fair collection of extracts, some of a very old date. There is certainly no doubt that the ancient Egyptians manufactured lasting, not to say permanent, perfumes, and that the secret is not known at the present day; there is, it is said, in the Alnwick Museum, an Egyptian ointment-box that has retained its scent for over three thousand years. From Cleopatra's sails—"so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them"—

A strange invisible perfume hit the sense
Of the adjacent wharves.

The Jews, who borrowed the art from the Egyptians, perhaps carried the love of perfumes highest when the incense was placed under the special care of the priests; and the importance of "sweet-smelling" ointments is strongly shown in a hundred scattered allusions in the Old Testament and the New. The Greeks were quite Oriental enough to appreciate perfumes, and their mythology and literature are full of allusions to scented cosmetics. One antique Sybarite perfumed his guests by a new device:—

Ever and anon

He slipped four doves whose wings were saturate
With scents all different in kind—each bird
Bearing its own appropriate sweets; these doves
Wheeling in circles round let fall upon us
A shower of sweet perfumery, drenching, bathing
Both clothes and furniture.

Even Diogenes held perfumes in respect, and with economical sensuousness applied the ointment to his feet; observing that "when you anoint your head with perfume it flies away into the air and the birds only get the benefit of it, whilst if one rubs it on the lower limbs it envelops the whole body and gratefully ascends to the nose." But Socrates objected to the use of scents, alleging, oddly enough, that "if a slave and a freeman be anointed with perfumes they both smell alike." The allusions to this subject are frequent throughout Roman literature. In fact, the nations who used the bath as a luxury invariably added sweet-scented essences—a combination that does not portend, we hope, any future connexion between our perfumers and our Turkish baths. Coming down to later times, we find that Mahomed did not omit to turn the Eastern love of odours to account; his hours are composed of "pure musk." Beyond his immediate topic, Mr. Rimmel wanders away into descriptions of hairdressing, and other toilet curiosities of various nations; but into these topics we need not follow him.

To the "Commercial Uses of Flowers and Plants" is devoted the best chapter of the book. The South of France, we learn, gives us most of the materials from which essences are extracted, producing in the best form for the perfumer the rose, the jasmine, orange, &c. Italy gives us chiefly essences of bergamot, orange, lemon, and citrons. From Turkey we have the celebrated otto of roses, which is used extensively in the composition of many scents. Perfumers have not been much indebted to Spain, notwithstanding the luxury of plants with which nature has decked her soil. Mr. Rimmel, however, who has travelled through the Peninsula, has hopes that the day will soon come when Spain may be made to contribute her proper share of perfumes to the toilets of the world. India supplies cassia, cloves, and that exquisite sandal wood which, illustrating the Indian precept of returning good for evil, "imparts" (as every poet knows, and has frequently told us) "its perfume to the edge of the axe that hews it down." China exports musk, a secretion found in a pocket or pod under the belly of the musk-deer—"a pretty grey animal," says Dr. Hooker, "the size of a roebuck, and somewhat resembling it,

* *The Book of Perfumes*. By Eugene Rimmel. London: Chapman & Hall.

with coarse fur, short horns, and two projecting teeth from the upper jaw, said to be used in rooting up the aromatic herbs from which the Bhotas believe that it derives its odour." Strange to say, England, which is not deficient in sweet flowers, yields hardly any essences, our scents being too delicate for extraction; it would need a much stronger odour than our rose possesses to make rose-water. Attempts have been made in England to establish flower-farms, for the sake of manufacturing essences, but without success. In lavender and peppermint however, we, owing to the moisture of our climate, excel all other nations. The processes for extracting essences, to which Mr. Rimmel devotes some space, are called by four different names—*distillation*, *expression*, *maceration*, and *absorption*. Of late a great improvement has been made in distillation, which consists in "suspending the flowers of plants in the still on a sort of sieve, and allowing a jet of steam to pass through and carry off the fragrant molecules." This produces a finer essential oil than the old method of allowing plants, barks, and woods to be steeped in water at the bottom of the still. There are different ways of extracting essences by *expression*—a method confined to the rinds of fruits of the citrine kind; but the process employed in Calabria, the seat of this manufacture, consists in rolling the fruit between two bowls, one inside the other, the concave part of the lower and the convex part of the upper being armed with sharp spikes. "These bowls revolve in a contrary direction, causing the small vesicles on the surface of the fruit to burst, and give up the essence contained in them, which is afterwards collected with a sponge." By *maceration* and *absorption* the aroma of flowers is communicated to grease, and from that transferred to alcohol, it being difficult, if not impossible, to transfer perfumes from flowers immediately to any spirits of wine. The South of France, endowed by nature with the plants and flowers best fitted for extraction, contains the chief seats of this manufacture. In the towns of Nice, Grasse, and Cannes, more than a hundred houses, and at least ten thousand persons, are engaged in the distillation of essential oils. The trade at Nice—a town always celebrated for its perfumes, especially violet—has received a great impulse from annexation to France, as it has no longer to pay the Custom-duties for sending its scents across the French frontier. The export from Nice of the material from which the essence of orange-flowers is taken amounts yearly to about 40,000*l*! The export of roses from the same place amounts to 2,000*l*, jasmine to 8,000*l*, and violets to 4,000*l*. With the aid of these, about 700,000 lbs. of scented oils and pomades are made, 200,000 lbs. of rose-water, and 3,600,000 lbs. of orange-flower water. It ought to be gratifying to the people of England to know that, though not fortunate in native essences, we are very well off for soap. France follows us in this manufacture, and Germany is a bad third, making, according to Mr. Rimmel, about the worst stuff ever used to cleanse the human skin. Of course Paris must be accounted the great centre of the perfumery trade, employing, as it does, nearly three thousand men and women, whose labours bring in a yearly return of about 40,000,000 francs. France exports mostly to North and South America, whilst England supplies India, China, and her own colonies.

As a piece of advice to those who use perfumes, Mr. Rimmel recommends the simple extracts of flowers in preference to compounds, "which generally contain musk, and other ingredients likely to affect the head." As regards cosmetics, rouge is innocuous, but nine out of ten compounds for whitening the skin contain poisons, like that which got into the mouth of Zelger the singer during an opera, and caused his death. In conclusion, Mr. Rimmel is disinterested enough to bear testimony to the utility of air, exercise, and cold water, as cosmetics superior to any invented by art. It is said that Soyer the Great, after cooking a splendid banquet for hundreds, would retire to his own home and feast upon a herring. Perhaps Mr. Rimmel—who is to perfumery what Soyer was to cookery—eschews, on principle, the very gratification which his numerous votaries derive from his stills.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE great task in which Sir Archibald Alison miscarried is being performed with signal ability by Professor Gervinus.* The present instalment of the "History of Europe since the Treaties of Vienna" is not one of the most interesting, being mainly a review of the dry but essential particulars of internal legislation, and devoid consequently of colour and dramatic movement. It also relates for the most part to Germany, where the history of thirty years is the monotonous record of the pressure of dull despotism upon a much-enduring people. The author has done his best with an unwelcome subject, which must have grated upon his patriotic susceptibilities at every line. The ardour of his liberalism is well known, and it is greatly to his credit that this sentiment should be so tempered by a feeling of equity as we find it here, and that his representations of the men and measures most obnoxious to him should be so little disfigured by party passion. With all this elevated serenity, the style is uncommonly nervous, and every sentence betrays the masculine thinker. When he meets with an exception to the prevailing mediocrity of the German statesmanship of the period, he does not fail to rise with the occasion; thus there is a most spirited portrait of that curious epitome of the conflicting tendencies of the Romantic school,

* *Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen*. Von C. G. Gervinus. Bd. 7, Hfte. 1. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

King Ludwig of Bavaria. The Grand Duke of Baden and the eccentric Duke of Brunswick are sketched more slightly, but with equal mastery. This volume brings the narrative down to 1830; the second part of it will contain the history of the Iberian Peninsula, France, and Great Britain to the same date.

Pertz's *Life of Gneisenau** is another book of very great interest. The subject of it was the chief of Blücher's staff during the wars of 1813-15, and, having never appeared at the head of an army, is less known to the world than the majority of the generals who contributed to the overthrow of Napoleon. In reality, however, he was the controlling mind of the Prussian army after the death of Scharnhorst; for Blücher, incomparable on the field of battle, was devoid of the talent required to plan a campaign, and was entirely guided by his subordinate. Gneisenau's character as a general is faithfully reflected in that of the operations undertaken under his direction; he was bold, dashing, energetic—frequently negligent, but redeeming his mistakes by a rare fertility of resource. His first considerable achievement was his successful defence of Colberg, in the unfortunate campaign of 1807, the particulars of which are narrated here with vast prolixity. At this period he occupied a subordinate position, the long peace having, as usual, filled the higher posts with aged incapables. The disastrous war effected a great reform, and from 1808 to 1813 Gneisenau was hard at work aiding Scharnhorst and Stein in their efforts to regenerate the almost ruined country. Their correspondence on this subject is most interesting, and gives the highest idea of the industry, patriotism, and intelligence of these second founders of the Prussian State. It appears perfectly marvellous that such a work should have been accomplished in so short a time, when almost all resources had been annihilated by the war, and the enemy were actually in possession of nearly all the fortresses of the kingdom. Indeed, a very moderate amount of vigilance on the part of the French would have disconcerted the whole undertaking, and their supineness can only be explained by their contempt for the foe they had vanquished with such ease, and, in some degree, by their universal ignorance of German. Had it depended upon Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, the War of Liberation would have commenced much sooner. They left nothing untried to induce the King to join Austria in the campaign of 1809, but he refused to move without Russia. The event seemed to justify his hesitation; yet, had Napoleon fulfilled his original intention of marrying a Russian princess, it is nearly certain that the Moscow expedition would never have taken place, and that Europe would never have been emancipated in his lifetime. So slight are sometimes the causes that determine the fates of empires! Gneisenau's private character appears in a very advantageous light; he was generous, humane, disinterested, and exemplary in all the relations of life. Some letters from old Blücher are very amusing—grumbling, blundering, detestably spelt, but characteristically hearty and straightforward.

The principal essay in the volume of the historical section of the Munich Academy for 1865† is Löber's, on the deposition of King Wenceslaus of Bohemia, a subject of great interest to German jurists, as well as historians. Cornelius's paper on the formation of the German League is also an elaborate dissertation; and there are several others, two by Dr. Döllinger.

Captain Burton is not only a great traveller himself, but the cause of travelling in others. A casual encounter with him on his return from his adventurous pilgrimage to Mecca inspired Baron von Maltzan with the ambition of an imitator, and the result is one of the most agreeable and suggestive books of travel that we have seen for a long time.‡ We have at present only the first volume, which conducts the adventurer from Algiers, his point of departure, to the precincts of the holy city. To gloss over the imperfection of his Arabic, he personated a native of Algeria, where the language is not spoken in its purity, and obtained a French passeport through the mediation of a native whose religious scruples succumbed to the allurements of *hashish*. It naturally became his object to avoid the pilgrims from the Barbary States, who would soon have detected him; and with this view he attached himself to an Egyptian family, consisting of a good-natured Sheikh endowed with unusual piety and a formidable gift of exposition, and his nephews—three dissipated young men to whom their uncle had prescribed, and was administering, a pilgrimage, as a sovereign remedy for youthful indiscretion. From his intimate association with these people, the traveller was enabled to study Mussulman life very accurately. Undoubtedly its leading feature is the extent to which it is dominated by religion, which is the theme of almost every conversation, and continually recognised in words as the controlling motive of action. At the same time it would be difficult to conceive anything more empty, formal, and purely a matter of routine than this ostentatious piety, which, in its ceremonial strictness and ethical laxity, corresponds pretty closely with the state of religious feeling in Europe just before the Reformation. As the highways of the West then, so the shores of the Red Sea now are studded with the shrines of saints, every one a match for St. Januarius in the devotion he excites and the marvels on which his claim to it is grounded. This circumstance proved of great

* *Das Leben des Feldmarschalls Grafen Neithardt von Gneisenau*. Von G. H. Pertz. Bd. 1. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

† *Münchener Historisches Jahrbuch für 1865*. Herausgegeben von der Historischen Classe der K. Akademie der Wissenschaften. München: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Meine Wallfahrt nach Mekka. Reise in der Küstengegend und im Innern von Hedschas, von Heinrich Freiherrn von Maltzan*. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Dyk. London: Williams & Norgate.

service to the traveller, whose constant propositions to visit these shrines served the double purpose of confirming his reputation for orthodoxy and enabling him to investigate the curiosities of the country, any open profession of interest in which would at once have disclosed his real character. The spirit of the Caliph Omar is yet rampant in Mussulmans, and it would be impossible to exaggerate their fanatic aversion to all profane knowledge. Maltzan was informed that a particular district traversed by the caravan possessed the salutary property of causing the instant death of any Christian who should set foot upon it. A more serious peril, unforeseen by and nearly fatal to him, was the necessity of uncovering his head while crossing the sacred soil of Hedjaz, which almost occasioned a sunstroke. The description of Mecca is reserved for the second volume. One of the most remarkable passages of this is the account of Jidda, from which we learn with much surprise that this place is one of the wealthiest of Mahometan cities. The houses are luxuriously furnished, many chambers being completely lined with mother-of-pearl; and there are several millionaires in the city, one of whom actually owns several steamboats.

A greater contrast to the fulness and picturesqueness of the modern traveller could hardly be presented than by the four jejune itineraries of four mediæval topographers of Palestine—Burchardus de Monte Sion, Ricoldus de Monte Crucis, Odoricus de Foro Julii, and Wilbrandus de Oldenburg—published by J. C. M. Laurent.* These writers occupy nearly the same intellectual position as Baron Maltzan's Mahometan friends, their interest in the regions described being almost wholly theological. They mostly display considerable learning for the time, and a fair acquaintance with the Scriptures and with Josephus. Wilbrandus goes further, and frequently makes very apposite quotations from the Latin classics. Ricoldus was the most extensive traveller of the four, having visited Turkistan, Persia, and Kurdistan. He has left a graphic account of his controversies with the Jacobite Christians. Generally speaking, these writers evince less ill-feeling towards the dissidents of the East than might have been expected, and they can hardly conceal their admiration of the superior austerity and sanctity of the priests of those communions. Ricoldus and Odoricus are now published for the first time, and the editor claims to have completely renovated the text of Burchardus.

"Ancient Mexico"† is a companion volume to the account of that region noticed in our last summary. It is almost entirely occupied with the discovery and conquest of the country, and seems to be an excellent narrative, at once condensed and copious.

Rentzmann's contribution to numismatic science‡ speaks sufficiently for itself. Fechner on the Doctrine of Atoms§ is an amphibious production, half philosophical, half scientific. The writer is a powerful advocate of the atomic theory, and his object appears to be to recommend the conclusions of physical experimentalists to speculative philosophers. The latter are compared by him to the polished but effete representatives of an antiquated civilization—the former to a torrent of barbarian invaders, full of vigorous life, but needing to be refined and enriched by contact with the ancient inhabitants of the country.

One of the most remarkable intellectual phenomena of the age is the reaction of the German mind against words and in favour of positive science. Weary of dialectic subtleties and ceaseless grasping after empty abstractions, the rising thought of the country has discarded metaphysics for physics, and forsaken the professor's desk for the laboratory and anatomical theatre. The change would be salutary were it not that, like all reactions, it has gone a great deal too far, and that the revolution in the processes of investigation has left the old habits of thought unaffected. The physicists are quite as unpractical as the metaphysicians, quite as dogmatic and arrogant, quite as ready with a symmetrical theory of the universe at a moment's notice. Dr. Büchner is the representative man of the class, and the fidelity with which he reflects its nature and tendencies has obtained vast popularity for a crude and angry little book, totally undistinguished by originality.¶ This last edition is burdened with a superfetation of prefaces—one in the form of a letter addressed to his English translator, where he expresses a hope that the translation will be more successful abroad than the original has been at home. It would be difficult to find a more apt illustration of Aristophanes' remark, that the infallible effect of the acquisition of one talent is a wish for two. We can assure the ungrateful naturalist that the eight editions called for by the German public are exactly eight times as many as are required in England. In another place he says that, were his views to prevail, "a spirit of repose, serenity, and kindness would be infused into the minds of men." How comes it, then, that these prefaces are distinguished beyond anything we have recently read by acrimony, petulance, and personality?

Herr Carl Vogt¶ is another philosopher of the same school. A

* *Peregrinatores Medii Ævi Quatuor . . . quorum duos nunc primum edidit, duos ad fidem librorum manuscriptorum recensuit J. C. M. Laurent.* Lipsiæ: Henrichs. London: Asher & Co.

† *Das Alte Mexiko.* Von T. Armin. Leipzig: Spamer. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Numismatische Legenden-Lexicon des Mittelalters und der Neuzeit.* Von W. Rentzmann. Th. 1. Berlin: Wegener. London: Nutt.

§ *Ueber die Physikalische und Philosophische Atomlehre.* Von G. T. Fechner. Zweite vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig: Mendelssohn. London: Thimam.

¶ *Kraft und Stoff.* Von Dr. L. Büchner. Achte Auflage. Leipzig: Thomas. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Vorlesungen über nützliche und schädliche, verkannte und verlaumdete Thiere.* Von Carl Vogt. Leipzig: Keil. London: Asher & Co.

few years ago he was the centre of a whirlwind of controversy on the immateriality of the soul; and, when last heard of, he was busy in adjusting the pretensions of *Trogodytes gorilla* and *T. niger* to the archipaternity of the human species. In conducting these disputes, he approved himself fully as boisterous and pugnacious as Büchner, but he has much more literary ability, and is a really first-rate man of science. His little volume of lectures shows that he can be very agreeable when dealing with a subject out of the range of controversy. They are a pleasant and picturesque series of delineations comprising a general biography of pests and a grand national gallery of vermin—whatever bites, stings, nips, or nibbles man, perforates his potatoes, absorbs his grain, or effloresces upon his cheese. The spirit of devotion to science and patient investigation that incidentally comes to light is extremely creditable to Herr Vogt, and should insure attention to what he thinks proper to say, however obnoxious his views, or injudicious his manner of putting them forth.

Clausius's treatise on the mechanical theory of heat* is a collection of papers which have appeared at different periods, with the addition of a mathematical introduction and sundry annotations. Carl von Comets† is an elaborate compilation, containing a bibliography of the subject, and an account of all recorded observations. Captain Vogel‡ has written a very scientific treatise on fire-arms, giving the preference to the Prussian needle-gun.

Dr. Kabsch's work on the geography of plants§ is one of more general interest than the three last mentioned. It is, moreover, very agreeable reading, containing a mass of useful particulars, well digested, and set forth in the most luminous manner. Science has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the author, who was killed by a fall from a precipice while botanizing in Switzerland, shortly before the publication of his work. The "Introduction to the History of Inventions"|| is the first volume of a series of treatises on the industrial arts. It is a very promising beginning, being extremely comprehensive, and copiously illustrated.

"The Problem of Language"¶ is a philosophical investigation of the rationale of philology. Philology is also one of the subjects of Dr. Diefenbach's polygraphic "Vorschule der Völkerkunde,"** which passes from it to physiology, and embraces a survey of nearly all the arts and sciences in their relation to ethnological conditions. Honegger's work on the literary history of the century†† contains little that has not been repeated over and over again in the similar publications with which Germany swarms. It is, however, remarkably distinguished from these by the style, which is concise and pregnant—virtues which sometimes degenerate into spasmodic abruptness. It would not be reasonable to expect any great novelty from a series of criticisms on modern French authors, but Herr Kreyssig‡‡ deserves the commendation of having treated his subject very pleasantly and with great good sense. The book is well worth reading. "Claudius and Hebel"§§ is also a valuable work, being an analysis of the books and the idiosyncrasy of writers who lie too far out of the ordinary range of authorship to be satisfactorily treated by the generality of literary histories, but who reflect with unaltered purity the really national spirit, the distinguishing peculiarities of their countrymen. The work contains notices of Gellert, Jeremias Gotthelf, and other kindred writers.

Edward Genast||| is a retired actor, and his memoirs relate exclusively to theatrical matters. They are doubtless very interesting to the dramatic world of Germany, but the foreigner's concern with them is confined to their occasional notices of distinguished personages, particularly Goethe, of whom we have a highly characteristic glimpse in his aspect as the Olympian potentate of the Weimar stage. A more despotism régime never existed anywhere. There is an amusing anecdote of a butcher's wife who persisted in forcing herself upon him. "Do you know me, Madame?" he asked at length. "Know you! Who does not know *Festgemauert in der Erde*?"—the first line of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. There is a very favourable account of Weber, but Herr Genast's great hero is Raupach, whom every one else has forgotten, or only remembers as the butt of Mr. Carlyle's merciless

* *Abhandlungen über die mechanische Wärmetheorie.* Von R. Clausius. Abth. I. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Asher & Co.

† *Repertorium der Cometen-Astronomie.* Von Dr. P. Carl. München: Rieger. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Das Preussische Zündnadelgewehr und seine Vorzüge.* Von W. Vogel. Potsdam: Döring. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Das Pflanzenleben der Erde. Eine Pflanzengeographie für Laien und Naturforscher.* Von Dr. W. Kabsch. Nach dem Tode des Verfassers mit einem Vorworte versehen von H. A. Berlepsch. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Einführung in die Geschichte der Erfindungen.* Von J. Zöllner, O. Mothes, F. Luckenbacher. Leipzig: Spamer. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Das Problem der Sprache und seiner Entwicklung in der Geschichte.* Von C. Hermann. Dresden: Kuntze. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Vorschule der Völkerkunde und der Bildungsgeschichte.* Von Dr. L. Diefenbach. Frankfurt: Sauerländer. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Literatur und Cultur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. J. J. Honegger. Leipzig: Weber. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Studien zur Französischen Cultur- und Literaturgeschichte.* Von F. Kreyssig. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Claudius und Hebel, nebst gleichzeitigen und gleichartigen.* Von F. H. Kahle. Berlin: Wiegandt und Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

||| *Aus dem Tagebuche eines alten Schauspielers.* Von Eduard Genast. 3 Theile. Leipzig: Voigt & Günther. London: Williams & Norgate.

ridicule. Genast, however, is creditably grateful to the indefatigable playwright who dominated the stage in his own hey-day, and provided him with all his most popular parts. Raupach appears to have been a most estimable man, who sacrificed himself to his family in youth, and was rewarded by affluence in age. He was, however, sarcastic and unamiable in private life.

Banc's "Critical Excursions" may also be classed among works illustrative of dramatic literature, so far as it has yet proceeded. The first volume is entirely devoted to the stage, and is chiefly occupied by critiques on recent benefit performances of popular German actors. Works of this description imply such a public as it would be impossible to find in England. Two more volumes are to follow, treating of literature and art.

The great name of Mommsen will secure attention to an edition of Pindar† by a brother of the historian, accompanied by a volume of notes. The commentary is almost entirely critical, and the immense mass of various readings, and of discussions on their value, attests the pains taken by the editor in settling the text. A table of the various MSS. and the relative importance attached to them is appended, from which we perceive that most of those in this country fall into the class "de quorum natura nihil fere constat." Something, therefore, is left for English scholars. The editor has visited Italy twice in the prosecution of his task, and has had the manuscripts of Göttingen, Leyden, and Wolfenbützel sent to him for collation. In acknowledging the assistance he has received, he shrewdly observes:—"Inclementiores tenacioresque eos tantum bibliothecarios inveni, qui vel paucos vel deteriores tantum libros custodiebant, ut denegando aliquid dignitatis assumere viderentur."

Rose's *Anecdota*‡ contain Adamantius on Wind, and the Physiognomy of Apuleius after Polemon, with some minor treatises. We are indebted to a Hungarian professor§ for a neat selection of ethical sayings from the Greek writers. Herr Gravenhorst|| has attempted to turn the Odyssey into a poem in the Gothic style, with much less success than Maginn and others who have made the same dubious experiment in England.

A collection of popular poetry from Salzburg¶ offers many features of interest, but the uncouthness of the dialect is a great stumbling-block. It is remarkable that there are hardly any pieces in praise of soldiers or artisans, peasants and sportsmen being the favourites of the Tyrolean Muse. The gift of lyrical expression would seem to have not yet forsaken this simple people, since we find ballads on the introduction of the railway in 1860.

There is nothing more difficult than to illustrate the social life of antiquity in fiction. Great erudition is required to master the necessary details; mental power of an unusual order must be exerted to discard modern habits of thought, and project the imagination into so remote a sphere. Herr Ebers** possesses the first requisite, but not the second. His Egyptian story is entirely conceived in the modern spirit, and will bear no comparison with Moore's *Egyptian*, or Mrs. Linton's more learned and accurate *Azeth*. Were the names of the personages altered, we could generally suppose ourselves to be perusing a tale of contemporary life. The fiction is, notwithstanding, interesting in itself, and possesses some literary merit. It is accompanied by a body of vouchers in the shape of references to the ancient authorities.

Baldwin Möllhausen is known as an American explorer, and America supplies the materials for his fictions.†† They are readable, but not above the usual circulating library level; and the same may be said of *Die Aristokratin und der Fabrikant*, by Luise Ernesti.‡‡

* *Kritische Wanderungen in drei Kunstgebieten*. Von Otto Banc. Leipzig: Dürr. London: Asher & Co.

† *Pindari Carmina*. Ad fidem optimorum codicum recensuit, annotationem criticam addidit C. J. T. Mommsen. Berolini: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Anecdota Græca et Græcolatina*. Mittheilungen aus Handschriften zur Geschichte der Griechischen Wissenschaft. Von Dr. Valentin Rose. Hft. 1. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Sententiae Scriptorum Græcorum*. Collectæ a J. B. Taify. Pesth: Lampel. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Odysseus Heimkehr*. Ein Heldengedicht in fünfzig Liedern. Von C. T. Gravenhorst. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Nutt.

¶ *Salzburger Volkslieder, mit ihrer Singweise*. Gesammelt von M. V. Süss. Salzburg: Mayr. London: Asher & Co.

** *Eine Aegyptische Königin*. Historischer Roman. Von Georg Ebers. 3 Bde. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Nutt.

†† *Reliquies. Erzählungen und Schilderungen aus dem westlichen Nordamerika*. Von Baldwin Möllhausen. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Die Aristokratin und der Fabrikant*. Ein Roman. Von Luise Ernesti. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Asher & Co.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Major Eams Bell, whose work on the Mysore Reversion was reviewed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 14, has complained of the expression of a doubt whether he may have acted as the agent and confidential adviser of the Rajah of Mysore, or may have been the author of a letter, noticed in the review, from the Rajah to Lord Elgin. He states that he saw the letter for the first time in a printed form, and that his book is not published with the sanction

or approval of the Rajah, or of any person representing him. The authority of his statements and the value of his arguments are materially increased by his disclaimer of any special or personal motives for defending the Rajah's cause. The suggestion of which he complains was founded exclusively on seeming coincidences between passages in his book and portions of the letter, which was in fact written by an English adviser of the Rajah. It was natural that two writers on the same side of a controversy should use similar arguments, and, until Major Bell explained his own independent position, it was also natural that his readers should doubt whether he was an impartial historian or an advocate. The only charge made against him by the SATURDAY REVIEW was confined to his "injurious reserve." The explanation which he has now given is entitled to implicit credit.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

Every Monday Evening till Easter.—On Monday next, January 23, Mr. Charles Hallé will make his first appearance this season. Violin, Herr Straus; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Violoncello, M. Pague; Vocalists, Mlle. Florence Lancia and Miss Susan Galt; n. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. The Programme will include Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Stringed Instruments; Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, Op. 12; Beethoven's Sonata in C, Op. 23, dedicated to Count Waldsegg; for Piano-forte alone, Sc. Sofia Stalla, ss.; Halcrow, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The following is a Statement of the Dates at which the several EXAMINATIONS in the University of London for the Year commences—

Matriculation.—Monday, June 26, 1865; and Monday, January 8, 1866.
Bachelor of Arts.—First B.A., Monday, July 17. Second B.A., Monday, October 23.
Master of Arts.—Branch I., June 8; Branch II., June 12; Branch III., June 19.
Scriptural Examinations.—Tuesday, November 14.
Bachelor of Science.—First B.Sc., Monday, July 17. Second B.Sc., Monday, October 23.
Doctor of Science.—Within the first fourteen days of June.
Bachelor of Laws.—Tuesday, June 26.
Doctor of Laws.—Tuesday, July 4.
Bachelor of Medicine.—Preliminary Scientific, Monday, July 17. First M.B., Monday, July 31. Second M.B., Monday, November 6.
Master in Surgery.—Monday, March 6.
Doctor of Medicine.—Monday, November 27.

The Regulations relating to the above Examinations and Degrees may be obtained on application to The Registrar of the University of London, Burlington House, London, W.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELECTION.—FREDERICK

MORSHEAD, M.A., Fellow and late Tutor of New College, Oxford, having been appointed Head-Master of the Beaumaris Grammar School, is prepared to take a limited number of PUPILS specially for the Winchester College Election. The School, from its situation on the Sea-side, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Welsh Mountains, has always been remarkably healthy.

For Terms, &c., apply to the HEAD-MASTER, at the School, Beaumaris.

KILBURN COLLEGE, Mortimer Road, Kilburn, London,

N.W. Principal.—MR. GEORGE OGG, University of London, formerly Instructor of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In this Establishment PUPILS receive a first-class Education:—Classical, Mathematical, and General; and are prepared for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Public Schools. Every attention is paid to health and comfort. The situation is elevated; the School-rooms, Dining-room, Lavatory, and Dormitories lofty and spacious. The Earliest Term commences January 18.—Prospectus on application to the PRINCIPAL.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE FOR LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

Classes under Miss Garsie, Mrs. Street, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., J. Benedict, Esq., H. Friger, Esq., Madame Louise Michau, Monsieur A. Roche, Dr. Hermann, Mrs. Harrison, H. Warren, Esq., J. Radford, Esq., C. J. Plumptre, Esq., Sister Vallitta, W. Moore, Esq., A. Chiosso, Esq., &c. &c.

The SENIOR TERM begins January 25, 1865.

The JUNIOR HALF-TERM begins March 1.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application.

T'AUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL.—Head-Master, Rev. W.

TUCKWELL, M.A., late Fellow of New College, and Head-Master of New College School, Oxford. Vacancies for BOARDERS in the School House. The School will reopen on January 27.—Address, the HEAD-MASTER.

FRANCE.—ST. GERMAIN-on-LAYE SCHOOL.—Patron,

Lord BROUGHAM.—This School is carrying out on a limited scale the system of International Education expounded in the Report addressed to the Secretary of the European Association for Promoting the Study of Modern Languages, by the Head-Master, Professor BEAUVY, and published in the "Constitutionnel" of August 18, 1864. The object in view is twofold. First—to afford the means of acquiring a complete practical knowledge of Living Languages. Second—to combine the study of them with sound Classical Studies and with special preparation for the Examinations which in the Four principal Countries of Europe give admission to the different Professions. The School receives but Thirty Resident Pupils, boys under fourteen years in the first, pupils above that age in the second division.—For Prospectus apply, by letter, pre-paid, to the Head-Master, 50 Rue de Poissy, St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris; or in London, at Mr. Maurice's Office, 11 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near London.

Principal, Mr. C. P. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London. At the above-named School, BOYS of from Seven to Eighteen Years of Age receive a careful and thorough Education, and are prepared either for the Liberal Professions or for Commercial Pursuits. The youngest Pupils form a separate Preparatory Department. The House is very large, and is surrounded by above seven Acres of Land, the greater part of which is occupied by the Boys' Playgrounds and Cricket-field. School will reopen on Tuesday, January 24.—Prospectuses may be obtained on application at the School, or of Messrs. Relfe Brothers, School Road, 116 Aldersgate Street, London.

ASPLEY SCHOOL, Beds, conducted by Dr. LOVELL.—

PUPILS are prepared for the Public Schools, the Army and Navy Examinations, the Military Colleges, and the Universities. French and German are taught by Resident Masters. The Premises, built specially for the School, are very extensive and commodious, and the Village is remarkable for salubrity of Climate; it lies about a mile from Woburn Sands Station.—All further particulars can be had from the Principal.

Aspley School, Beds.—The Term begins on January 25.